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## NOTES.

IT is curious to note how England is served by her statesmen and men of action. Gladstone and Lord Wolseley were too late by some days to rescue Charles Gordon, and the world has rightly said that the fault was more Mr. Gladstone's than Lord Wolseley's. Now Lord Salisbury and Sir Herbert Kitchener are so early that they saved Major Marchand. Every one agrees that this was Sir Herbert Kitchener's fault. He, it appears, took a sentimental liking to Marchand, and instead of bundling the tattered explorer neck and crop out of Fashoda, succoured him with provisions and cases of wine. When Sir Herbert Kitchener reached Cairo, he was extremely surprised, so gossip says, to find that the Marchand incident was likely to be a *casus belli*. In spite of his eulogist, Mr. G. W. Stevens, we are unable to regard Sir Herbert Kitchener as a diplomatist of much foresight. His Soudan campaign revealed him as a good soldier. But he arrived at Fashoda with no definite instructions to guide him, and proved once more that the clever general is rarely a competent statesman.

The week's business has been disturbed by rumours of war. If we were to believe the journalists, or even the diplomatists, France and England are eager to be at each other's throats. France wants an "enclave" on the Nile; England refuses any such interruption of the route between Cairo and Cape Town. Accordingly France defies England, in the hope of suffering a "Naval Sedan," and England, in her representative "Punch," grossly insults France. All this is, of course, what we should have expected. It is the trade of journalists and diplomatists to fish in troubled waters, and we must admit that journalists and diplomatists on both sides of the Channel have done their little best to envenom a paltry dispute. Once more Sir Michael Hicks-Beach has played the "provocateur-officiel," and has fumed and strutted and menaced as he did over Port Arthur. M. Delcassé, too, has made the most of a good oratorical case and has done as much for his own reputation with the Chauvinists, and as little for his country, as was possible.

In point of fact, Tuesday saw a sort of panic on the Stock Exchange, and no wonder. Not only had self-seeking journalists and ambitious diplomatists done their best to make a quarrel, but the publication of the Yellow Book had been followed by that of the Blue Book in so unusual a way that others than the cautious grew frightened. It is usual before a Yellow Book comes out concerning England for the French Government to submit its contents to the English Foreign Office for revision. Naturally enough it is also usual to submit a Blue Book concerning French affairs to the Quai d'Orsay to be edited. But manifestly this act

of international courtesy had been neglected by our Foreign Office when it issued its last Blue Book on the Marchand incident. In that Blue Book Lord Salisbury criticises the Baron de Courcel with the same frankness which we might use towards Mr. Chauncey Depew of purely Trans-atlantic reputation. Our Foreign Minister spoke of the Baron de Courcel's excitement and vagueness and rhetoric in terms which were more amusing than diplomatic. The only thing lacking is the Baron de Courcel's impression of Lord Salisbury, which might afford still more interesting reading.

The latest news is that the French have agreed to evacuate Fashoda, and it is more than hinted that they will be allowed to retain certain posts in the Bahr-el-Ghazal, if indeed they are not given an outlet on the Nile. We refuse to believe that Lord Salisbury has conceded to them this outlet on the Nile. A commercial outlet they cannot want, for Englishmen are Freetraders, and French goods and merchandise can now pass across and up and down the Nile as freely as English goods. No; what the French want is a port on the Nile above Fashoda as a *place d'armes*, in order to intrigue with Abyssinia, and if possible cut the wasp's back of English possession by barbaric invasion. This must not be conceded to them in spite of the short-sightedly generous editors of the "Westminster Gazette" and "Daily Chronicle." In the interests of peace it must be denied them, and it will be, for in such a matter Lord Salisbury will never dare to act against his Cabinet, and we are certain that Mr. Balfour, to say nothing of Mr. Chamberlain and Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, will refuse to sanction an act of almost criminal weakness.

We hear on good authority that all the rumours of rivalry between Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Arthur Balfour are mere foolish fabrications. Mr. Chamberlain, our informant tells us, has a very real admiration for Mr. Arthur Balfour, and follows his leadership with perfect loyalty and devotion. We are very glad indeed to hear it. Mr. Chamberlain must have changed greatly since those anxious days some thirteen years ago when he finally resolved to desert Mr. Gladstone. But the modern Joseph, like his prototype, has a coat of many colours, and with the best will in the world we find it difficult to believe in his loyalty.

The country heard with relief that the winter Cabinet Councils had been summoned to begin several weeks earlier this year than usual. Some, at any rate, of Lord Salisbury's colleagues have been using language anythink but complimentary about his attitude towards France as recorded not so much in his dispatches, which were "stiffened" by Lord Cromer, as in his feeble and pointless "conversations." It was felt that a little plain speaking on the part of colleagues who know the

strength of the feeling throughout the country would do the Foreign Secretary a world of good. Thursday's Cabinet Council, when it met, was, however, comparatively short and uneventful, for the collapse of civil government in Paris had virtually postponed a real settlement of the whole matter. You cannot negotiate with a mob. The only thing is to remain strictly on guard and wait till something like a man emerges from the chaotic squabble. Meanwhile, General Kitchener's news that his lieutenants were pushing on to Meshra-er-Rek serves as a warning to whatever Foreign Minister France may evolve, that England abates none of her rights in the Nile and all its affluents. As regards the general business of the session, there was really nothing to report, for none of the Ministers are ready with their schemes, and in any case, with the war-cloud not entirely dispelled, it would be rather premature to lay plans for three months ahead. Those three months may bring forth many unexpected things.

Now that Lord Rosebery has so definitely entered himself for the race for the Liberal Leadership, the question arises, Who will be his lieutenant in the House of Commons? for no matter how brilliantly the ex-Premier may assert himself in the Lords or in the country, he remains hopelessly "out of it" so long as he has not some one who can be trusted to "stand up to Harcourt" and show the party some sport in the Commons. Sir Edward Grey is full of knowledge and manners, but he does not carry guns enough, and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman no longer counts. Mr. Asquith is asserting himself for the post—his speech at Keighley on Saturday was portentous in its gravity and "pose"—but he is not improving. His thin, lawyerlike quibbles and his belief in debating-society phrases will never win him a place in anything beyond the second rank; as an administrator at the Home Office he did good work, but he will never be a leader of men. It is not that Sir William Harcourt would be difficult to upset—any one who mixes much with the politicians now fast returning to town knows how he has lost the confidence of the party; but there is no one on the same bench who even approaches him as a hard-hitting debater. It is a fine chance for the young men of the Liberal Party—if there are any.

The splendid reception which Lord Kitchener of Khartoum received on his arrival in London on Thursday expresses, in some poor degree, the immense pride which is entertained by the English people in himself personally even more than in his achievements. It was not only that he had brought an arduous campaign to a successful finish; it was not only that he had rescued the Soudan from Dervish barbarism and given it back to civilisation that roused our enthusiasm. These are great achievements undoubtedly; but what raised the acclaim to fever pitch was the feeling that in Lord Kitchener England had found a soldier of resource and of reserve power who would stand her in good stead in the hour of utmost need. For, to tell the truth, England is more than a little weary of the generals who advertise themselves, of the generals who are generals only on pay-day, of the generals who conduct bloodless and fatuous campaigns with the assistance of Mr. Lipton. A real general who can fight, and win, and say little about it is so rare that we were bound to give him a splendid cheer at the home-coming.

The German Emperor and the Sultan have parted with much emotion and many expressions of mutual esteem. The visit has no doubt cost the Sultan much money, as the correspondents have been pointing out; but as that will only mean the stopping of the salaries of a number of unfortunate officials, the Pearl of the Age will not be seriously distressed. His substantial gain is that he has been reintroduced, under fresh auspices, to his place among the European Powers. He is no longer at the mercy of the Concert, for Russia and France will never again play into the hands of Germany by coercing Turkey, and now that Crete has ceased to be a bone of contention, England and Italy are powerless. As for the Kaiser himself, he has come out with empty hands,

precisely as we predicted. Nothing is heard now of the extension of the Anatolian Railways, or of the harbour works at Haidar Pasha, though the Berlin papers were full of these matters a couple of weeks ago. Jerusalem has still to come, and then no doubt there will be speeches and fireworks in plenty; but it takes more than speeches and fireworks to get concessions from Abdul Hamid. He has got all he wanted, having lured Germany into a position in which she can be played off against Russia; but the "German coaling station in the Levant" is still in the land of promises.

What a curious propensity the Teuton possesses for saying the wrong thing. The London Germans arranged a kind of Bismarck Festival which came off on Wednesday at the Queen's Hall, and as Mr. August Manns was in charge of the musical arrangements, that part of the proceedings was all that could be desired. But the committee had the bad taste to put up an egregious person in the middle of it to deliver an "oration," a task which he performed mercilelessly. Bismarck composed his own epitaph—a curt and pointed one as befits the man of great deeds—so there is no excuse for this superfluous whitewashing. Germany is his achievement and it will be his monument if his work is not undone by parasites and twaddlers. Speech-making was an art which he despised as much as Carlyle despised it, and his opinion of an orator who eulogised, among other things, his love of truth—his "Wahrheitsliebe"—may be left to the imagination. Bismarck used the truth but sparingly, and he justified himself by the necessities of his position. Possibly it is of sufficient justification, but why should the official orator make himself and his subject ridiculous by missing the whole point of a great career?

The announcement has been made to the world with considerable solemnity that Mr. John Morley has been appointed to write the biography of Mr. William Gladstone. The comment which at once suggests itself is, that great biographers are born, not appointed; and as Mr. Morley has been pressed into this task the world is threatened with another biography whose greatness will be mainly of the avoirdupois order. But, apart from this, it is doubtful if Mr. John Morley has the necessary equipment to reveal a man to his fellow-men, and especially such a man as Mr. Gladstone. For Mr. Gladstone was transcendently human, especially in his weakness, and that is just the element in his subject which will not appeal to this biographer by appointment. As in his previous efforts in biography Mr. Morley will give us a well-arranged collection of documents embedded in solid dissertations that have an insistent twang of sermon and Nonconformist Conscience. And the result will be that the real Gladstone, like the real Rousseau, will disappear under superabundant details. In this respect, of course, it will not be dissimilar to the usual inhuman authorised biography. But it will still leave the real Gladstone to be portrayed; the Gladstone who was not a statesman but an ecclesiastic, who sacrificed every principle to snatch a majority, who sacrificed his best friends to keep himself in power.

The moderate tone in which Sir William Harcourt, when speaking at Aberystwyth, described the deficiencies of our education system rather emphasises than hides those deficiencies. He declared education to be a fabric of three stories, in which there should be a basement of elementary instruction, a ground floor of secondary or intermediate education, and a first floor of university teaching. In England, he said, we have a basement and top floor, but no ground floor at all. In this respect the people of Wales are far ahead of us, having made great sacrifices to secure a proper system of intermediate education. Sir William spoke of the co-operation of the counties in different parts of Wales, and observed how much a similar understanding was needed among the educational authorities in England. As a matter of fact, the authorities who are entrusted with higher education in the English towns and counties not only refuse to co-operate, but are in numbers of places at open war with each other. It is our intention shortly to expose this disgraceful state of



national chaos in a series of articles, in which the scandalous abuses and anomalies of our so-called education system will be mercilessly laid bare.

The result of the withdrawal of the Turkish soldiers from Crete affords conclusive proof as to their responsibility for recent disturbances. The Mohammedans have materially changed their attitude towards the Christian population, and it is expected in influential quarters that a *modus vivendi* will be speedily arrived at, now that the prime instigators of outrage and disorder have been removed from the scene. It is a pity that all this was not accomplished long ago. The lives of thousands of our co-religionists, whom we affect to protect from the Sultan's lust of extermination, might have been saved if our authorities at home had displayed ever so little consistency and firmness. It can hardly be said that recent events have taught any salutary lesson to the Porte, which accomplished its object, as usual, before action was taken by the Powers. We would suggest that preventive measures are more humane than tardy punishment.

The latest news from China is not reassuring. Rumours of foul play at the Palace have again been disseminated, and the Empress Dowager's *ruse* in calling in a French doctor by no means dispels our anxiety. The Chinese Emperor is scarcely ever visible to the eyes of foreigners, and it would have been an easy matter to palm off a sickly youth of twenty-five (and there are plenty of youths of the sort in China) on the European physician. In the meantime the Chinese soldiery continues to commit outrages on Englishmen with impunity; and it must be obvious to everybody that the Empress-Dowager's tactics are to make the country too hot for the initiators of modern progress.

Unless Mr. Rhodes had told us himself we should not have supposed that he had the gift of prophecy. It is true that he informed us some time ago that future wars would arise out of disputes regarding tariffs and trade, a forecast which looks as if it might be fulfilled in China; but against that prescience there must always be placed, as an offset, his deadly failure to foresee the end of the Jameson Raid. It seems, however, that Mr. Rhodes, like the weather-prophets, can achieve a happy hit upon occasion. At an open-air demonstration in Cape Town in favour of an immediate Redistribution Bill, he informed his audience that he foresaw the Fashoda incident. To this extent: four years ago he told Baron de Courcel, the French Ambassador, that the great risk in Africa was the prospect of the French reaching the Nile, and there trying to block the road from the Cape to Cairo. He also told the French Ambassador, with the knowledge and approval of Lord Rosebery, that if this were attempted England would fight. Apart from its quality of prophecy, this is a very important statement, because it shows with the utmost clearness that the French Government entered, open-eyed, upon what was practically a filibustering expedition. Our thanks are due to Mr. Rhodes for this timely declaration.

Now that the London County Council has acquired the tramways, it is only reasonable that it should be permitted to manage them in the best possible manner. But in order to do this it must have a first-class Chief Officer of Tramways, and to induce such a man to undertake the office it must offer a first-class salary. This is the reason why the Highways Committee recommended the Council to make the salary of the Chief Officer £1500 a year. There was opposition to this proposal, of course, but the objectors were probably ignorant of the fact that in tramway management, under an incompetent chief, it is the easiest matter possible to drop a few thousand pounds a year upon the mis-handling of horses alone. Stinginess in this matter would be ridiculous in view of the fact that, in a short time, the Chief Officer will have under his control from 200 to 300 miles of tramways.

In Puvis de Chavannes died the most original monumental painter of the century. Unlike the other decorators of his country, he went back behind Tiepolo,

Rubens, Veronese, even behind Raphael, to find his inspiration in one of the great originals of Italian art, Piero della Francesca, and in such surmises as he could frame from Roman remains of what the Greeks understood by monumental painting. But his art, nourished at the fountain of antiquity and searching the ancient levels of exaltation, betrays none the less the temper of a modern; pensive melancholy and pity made the "Poor Fisherman," and a like sentiment gave to the landscape of the larger decorations its power to rebuke and overwhelm the human figures at their most heroic. This landscape was reduced to simple terms by an extraordinary exercise of the imagination that seized on its essential moving features, and was adapted alike to a key of thought and to architectural congruity with its setting by translation into a light, blue tonality. The learned draughtsman, aiming at sheer expressiveness, grudging all cleverness, arrived at a kind of rough-hewn rudeness in his figures. They stand sparsely about his vast landscape like blocks of some primæval sculpture, begun by a giant, disturbed by a poet, and finished by a child. The man was simple and dignified with his work. He was kindly and easy of access; but the visitor had to go very early in the morning, because the painter's working day was that of a field labourer. His persistence in a remote and exalted art met, in good time, with general recognition, and Paris, Amiens, Lyons, Bordeaux, Marseilles, and lately Boston, employed his genius on public buildings. London has nothing from his hand.

New Zealand, the laboratory of social and political experiments, has this week definitely adopted a scheme of Old Age Pensions. Already one member of the Imperial Parliament has signified his intention of going to the Antipodes to study the operation of the Act. Although, of course, the conditions which obtain in a thinly-peopled, sixty-year-old Colony must be very different from those which exist in an old and crowded country like Great Britain, the experiment will be watched with immense interest. In future the New Zealand working man of sixty-five years of age, who has lived a life of honest toil, will be assured an income of £1 a week. The New Zealand Government, accepting labour as the basis of national prosperity, does not see why the worker should not be quite as fully entitled to some State provision against poverty in old age as a Civil servant or other employé. Last week Sir Michael Hicks-Beach ridiculed the idea that we should be called upon to provide old-age pensions for the dissolute and idle. Who in his senses ever suggested that we should? New Zealand certainly will not do so, and if the trial she is about to make is successful, some stronger arguments than those relied on by the Chancellor of the Exchequer will be needed to prevent Great Britain from following in the footsteps of the Colony.

The Water Committee of the London County Council have lost no time in formulating a scheme for rescuing London from the chronic anxiety in which it is kept by the water companies. Roughly, the recommendations to be laid before the Council on Tuesday next may be classified under two heads: first, the immediate acquisition of the undertakings of the eight companies, in order that the mains may be connected; second, the taking of steps forthwith to secure an additional supply of 200,000,000 gallons per day from Wales at a cost of £16,546,000. From the unscrupulous denial of absolute facts with which the scheme has been received by the supporters of the companies in the press, it is clear that it will be opposed by all the arts known to the interested parties. But there can be no paltering with the question now. The experience of 1898 has clenched for ever the arguments in favour of superseding the companies and supplementing the supply.

We hope the Commissioner of Police will for once show himself awake to his duty in connexion with the case of Constable 381 E. This officer of the law appeared at Bow Street on Wednesday, and charged a respectable Strand publican with the usual "obstruction," "disorderly conduct" and so forth. His manner was not convincing, and when the defendant came to

tell his tale it soon appeared that the language, threats and obstruction had been on the side of the constable and not by his victim. The publican had some time ago reported the policeman for misbehaviour, and this was his way of taking revenge, or as he remarked in his own choice style while dragging the prisoner off to Bow Street: "This is where I get a bit of my own back." Now if the police force is to regain public confidence, this sort of thing, which is growing much too common, must be dealt with sharply and decisively. If Policeman 381 E told his tale on oath, he committed perjury; and the Public Prosecutor, as well as the Chief Commissioner, should interfere.

If the Irish members, Nationalist and Unionist, possess any power of cohesion, and of common action, now is the time for them to act. We referred last week to the blunder committed by some wooden-headed official at the Irish Local Government Board, who refused to sanction the excellent appointment of a lady as poor-rate collector in the Clogher Union. The lady had performed the work to everybody's entire satisfaction for some years as her father's deputy, and on her father's death the guardians did their obvious duty in continuing her in the post. The Board, that is to say, the permanent officials, vetoed the appointment, giving for their action certain reasons which, on examination, proved to be erroneous alike in law and in practice. But the wooden-headed one's dignity was at stake, and after resorting to various expedients, he succeeded, on Wednesday last, in getting the Board to send down sealed orders from Dublin, dissolving the local Board, and appointing paid officials to act in their place.

It seems remarkable that those who agitate so violently for bird protection at home can view with equanimity the destruction of big game abroad. Close on the announcement of Lord Delamere's return from Somaliland with unrivalled trophies of the chase, comes the news that Mr. Seton-Karr's party of sporting exterminators will start for the same region in a few days. A vacancy is even announced, "owing to the inability of an officer to obtain leave." This has a peculiar interest at the present juncture, and it is to be regretted that similar obligations do not restrain the civilians of the expedition. The international conference on the Anarchists, or that on the Tsar's rescript, might very well devote its more serious moments to the consideration of some means of staying the slayer's hand.

It is not improbable that the work, already heavy, of the Secretary of the M.C.C. may be doubled on the completion of the new racket court which is being erected at great expense behind the pavilion. Mr. Lacey will, in fact, have a busy winter season to occupy his spare non-cricketing months. There is reason to believe that he is somewhat exercised over the delicate question of reserving seats in the members' enclosure at the big cricket-matches. It is said that a suggestion was recently made to the effect that numbered passes might with advantage be issued, available during the luncheon hour only. Mr. Lacey, we believe, is inclined to give the proposal, which came from a non-member, his careful consideration.

We join with a very large circle in sorrow at the recent death of Mr. Gleeson White. Men are not too common who have so real a love of various arts as he, and who combine that devotion with a gift of witty expression and with so amiable a personality. It is not unusual, of course, to find established reputation treated with amiability by writers upon art; what distinguished Mr. White was his quick admiration for any promise in a beginner; indeed, the only reproach likely to be brought against him is that of excessive readiness to discover talent. If it is difficult to forgive all the consequences of that in the diffusion of what may be called "studio" art, it must be remembered that the fault lies with the rankness of the crop rather than with the man who rejoiced over the promising sprouts. He will be missed by many friends, and among the popularisers of art it will be difficult to find a successor so well informed and so fair-minded.

## THE CRISIS IN FRANCE.

THE Brisson Ministry is dead. That is not of course a wonderful event when we consider the difficult conditions under which a French Ministry is born and subsequently clings to life; but in this case the manner of its taking off was certainly remarkable. That quick stab from behind which it received from General Chanoine gave a certain dramatic value to the incident. It has happened also that M. Brisson, being now politically dead, has secured a measure of sympathy, trimmed up with praise, which he never received when he was politically alive. For it is now seen, at least in this country, that M. Brisson stood for civil liberty against the threatened incoming of military despotism. He did not constitute himself the champion of Dreyfus; but to the Etat Major he made it very plain that he was in favour of justice, even although in attaining justice he had to overturn the decision of a court-martial. It is only now that we can see with any degree of clearness what courage was required by the man who took this line. For not only had M. Brisson to distrust the lukewarm opportunism of his own colleagues, he had also to fear the treachery of his War Minister. But great as his doubts of General Chanoine's honesty may have been, M. Brisson could never have dreamed that he would betray him openly on the tribune. This betrayal, indeed, was so gross and so dramatically effective, that one is almost forced to the conclusion that it was prearranged. In any case it was politically effective; but General Chanoine in accomplishing his end has forfeited all right to be considered an honourable man, or even a capable soldier.

And now the question presents itself: What is to follow the Brisson Ministry? President Faure has already called up the usual heads of groups, M. Ribot and the others, and they have passed the time in the usual confabulations. Under normal conditions, one or other of these powerless leaders would form a Ministry of sand—a Ministry that would endure until the next spring tide; but the conditions are very far from normal. On the one hand there is a Chamber of Deputies, with absolutely no definite notion of what it wants; on the other hand there is the General Staff, with an absolutely clear notion of what it wants. As the basis and stand-by of any Ministry there is an irresolute Chamber of Deputies; as the basis and stand-by of the General Staff there is a perfectly resolute army. Given these conditions, and with the resolute ready to pounce upon the irresolute, it does not require a prophet to foretell that the General Staff, if it so decides, can make itself master of France. And in a few days we shall know what is the will of the General Staff in this matter. For the key to the whole position is Dreyfus. If the Court of Cassation decides to give him another trial the General Staff will intervene. Everything else in France at this moment is uncertain; that alone is certain. Even if M. Dupuy, as is said, will be able to form a cabinet, matters will be only slightly improved. President Faure may shuffle and reshuffle his pack of politicians and the General Staff will sit watching with amused indifference. Should the civil authority, however, decide to set aside the court-martial and give Dreyfus another trial, France will be face to face with a military despotism.

Under ordinary circumstances we could, in England, look upon this threatened overturn, not exactly with indifference, but with a wholly detached mind. But as the conditions in France itself are abnormal, so are they also abnormal in her relation to this country. At the present moment there is no authoritative confirmation of the news that the Fashoda trouble is settled. The state of affairs in France presents itself as the noisy rapids leading inevitably to the Niagara leap. That being so, it follows that Baron de Courcel and Lord Salisbury present themselves as two disputants adrift on the Fashoda raft, which, like all other things in France, is hurrying towards the abyss. It is tragic, of course, this battle of the Blue and Yellow Books, with the authors of them embarked upon the rapids; but it is also surprisingly comic. Here sits the Baron, and there, opposite to him, sits my Lord. The noise of many waters is in his ears, yet that does not prevent the Baron from attempting to "explore" the Fashoda



question. He does it with energy, with insistence, with rhetoric, with declamation. To himself he is a great success; he is having an enjoyable afternoon; he has already decided in his own mind the phrases he will use when he comes to describe this historic scene in his memoirs. My Lord, sitting opposite, listens to this gesticulating Frenchman with ill-concealed impatience. "If this silly man," he says to himself, "would only cease to chatter, and come to business! I have asked him, as a formality, to remove his expedition and his flag from Fashoda, but I am willing to consider all other questions regarding the Nile Valley. Fashoda is a malarial swamp of absolutely no value to anybody. Why, then, does the silly man not cut it and come to real business? Does he not see that I must make a little stand somewhere for the appearance of the thing? But outside the question of Fashoda he will find me complacent enough." So he sits there listening, in the stolid English manner, and with a cynicism that is not in the least English in his heavy, half-closed eyes.

That is a view of the situation which has presented itself this week, but affairs are moving with such speed that we must rearrange our point of view from hour to hour. The Brisson Ministry is dead; and that may be the one circumstance required to bring about a certain solution of the Fashoda question. For what a Minister, who was dependent for his power on popular vote, could not venture to do, the permanent officials at the Quai d'Orsay may very readily accomplish. They know very well that Marchand's position is utterly untenable, not only politically but physically, and they may seize the present interregnum to achieve his relief. For no doubt Captain Baratier, now that he has arrived in Paris, has made it clear to the French officials that the expedition is derelict, and in need of instant assistance. And as an official is simply an official with nothing to lose personally by his policy, it may well be that Baron de Courcel will receive instructions to come to terms with Lord Salisbury. Such an arrangement would naturally be based upon his lordship's telegraphic dispatch of 9 September to Sir E. Monson. In that dispatch, as we showed in our columns two weeks ago, Lord Salisbury, while holding fast to Fashoda, practically gave up the Bahr-el-Ghazl. No doubt, with the assistance of Sir E. Monson, his lordship has now enlarged his claim, while in recent dispatches he has developed a surprising emphasis. But we have no guarantee that the old passion for graceful concession may not revive after the present heroics have been forgotten.

In any case we have reason to congratulate ourselves on having shown two weeks ago that Fashoda, in itself, is a comparatively unimportant place, and that what we must conserve at all hazards is the whole watershed of the Nile. What we said then is now repeated on all sides, so that Lord Salisbury is in a position to know exactly what the people of this country desire. They desire not only that Marchand's expedition shall retire from Fashoda, but that in future the flying of the French flag shall be limited to the French Congo. There must be no halting in this matter, no compromise, no concession. We have been trifled with by France on the question of boundaries far too long. Even Lord Salisbury now knows that we have reached the limit of our patience. We scarcely can believe that his colleagues will again permit him to "climb down."

#### IS OUR NAVY READY?

**T**HERE are many things in our navy which at this time of crisis we might wish had been changed. Our Admiralty system is not really adapted to the waging of a great war; it may be excellent for peace, but the division of responsibility, which is its chief characteristic, is not at all a good feature in a great struggle. It is too late, however, to "swoop horses" now that we stand on the brink of the Rubicon; and of the officers who compose the present board, all are men of very considerable capacity and organizing power. Admirals Sir F. Richards, Bedford and Wilson are a trio whom it would be difficult to beat. We could also wish that five years ago the urgent representations then made with regard to the re-arming of the old ships had been listened to. To-day, of the reserve battleships at Ports-

mouth, no less than five are saddled with antediluvian muzzle-loading armaments.

But, generally speaking, the country is well prepared for war with a single Power. The great efforts of recent years have borne fruit; indeed, but for the unhappy and disastrous engineers' strike, our position would be almost impregnable. We are strong in modern battleships, though the French have five which are in all probability faster than any of ours; strong in cruisers, and quite respectable in the best type of torpedo craft. We have an immense personnel trained for war. Our officers and bluejackets are magnificent; for if the first lack in some degree that scientific education which is imparted abroad and which should be imparted at home, they possess the great element of character. Said Marmont, "I should prefer a general whose mind corresponded to a value of five, and whose character to a value of ten, to a general with a mind of fifteen and a character of eight." The numerical equivalents are whimsical, but the statement is highly instructive.

The points of danger for us are these: first, the scattered disposition of the twelve battleships forming our Reserve Fleet, in the face of a much smaller but powerful French squadron concentrated at Brest and probably fully manned; and second, the want of a large flotilla of cruisers at home to cover our commerce and our exposed ports till our blockading fleet is assembled. There are signs, however, that the Admiralty is fully alive to the needs of the situation—indeed, if it were not, its action would be criminal. It is, perhaps, a little difficult to understand why the Portguard Squadron was allowed to disperse on 15 October, just on the eve of the crisis. Surely its retention in the Bristol Channel or at Milford Haven would neither have excited comment nor have provoked the French, while it would have been a most valuable precaution. There is no reason to suppose that we shall not be able to mobilise at least a dozen cruisers and as many destroyers, now out of commission and in the A Reserve, inside twenty-four hours. But a newly mobilised ship is not fit at once to go into action against long-commissioned ships, as several very instructive instances in our past history show. If, then, it is regard for foreign susceptibilities which delays the gathering together of a good fleet at home, such regard is misplaced. The interests of national defence come before any other, and it is well known that the battleships of the Reserve Fleet could not concentrate inside forty-eight hours, or perhaps a very much longer period.

In another direction precautions may need to be taken. China, Brazil, Chili and the Argentine own a number of very fine and speedy Elswick cruisers. If these ships passed into an enemy's hands, they might do enormous damage to our trade; for, on the whole, they are faster than any cruisers we possess. However well prepared we are, that is a good maxim of the strategist's, "one cannot be too strong for a decisive battle"; at the same time, fast mail steamers (in which branch of mercantile marine our merchant service is, unhappily, falling behind certain others) should be secured. The German Government sold three such steamers to Spain early in the present year, and one may venture to suggest that Spain would part with them to England for a fair consideration. Of course, the decision to acquire these ships must depend largely on the resolve come to in our English Cabinet Council, which, as we write, is still unknown. Should the Cabinet stand firm with regard to the Nile Valley and Bahr-el-Ghazl province, no time should be lost. The action of the United States Government, in the spring of this year, is an excellent precedent to follow. Though very superior in naval strength to its antagonist, it did not hesitate to strengthen its navy thus.

On foreign stations our position is one of great strength, with the exception of the Mediterranean, where, without the Channel Squadron, we are outnumbered in battleships, cruisers and torpedo craft. But the Channel Squadron is near at hand, at Arosa Bay, and could come to aid very quickly; then our superiority in battleships becomes overwhelming. In cruisers we should be about equal to our rivals. It is difficult to understand why so many inferior ships are allowed to linger on in our Mediterranean fleet, when

new and excellent vessels are lying in the dockyard basins. Such weak points in our dispositions ought not to exist, especially now that the French are massing their very best ships at Toulon.

A final and very valuable reserve of vessels is available for England, though not perhaps at very short notice, for the numerous small and fast passage boats and mail steamers we possess, which would be most useful for scouting in the Channel and watching hostile torpedo craft. We have also a large number of ships being constructed for foreign navies. Only this week a large battleship was launched for Japan on the Thames, while the Armstrong yard, Messrs. Vickers and the Clyde yards are crowded with superb battleships, cruisers and destroyers. At a word from Lord Salisbury and Mr. Goschen these ships would be ours, and they would be pressed forward to completion with an energy and rapidity which would astonish the world. But, since to take them except in the hour of supreme need would be ungenerous to the States for which they are being built, and would be injurious to our ship-building trade, this is a measure that should be postponed to the very last. Still there has been so much talk about the inexpediency of building for foreign Powers in England that it is well to remind pessimists of this fact. Let us build for every one, because the more we build for foreign navies, the more dependent upon us they will be and the greater will also be our ultimate reserve. As to the present crisis one may use the words of Pericles on a memorable occasion, "There is no cause for despondency but every reason for confidence." The French navy is a vastly better force than most Englishmen suspect, but it is heavily outnumbered; and though it will not go down without a desperate and heroic resistance, no expert can feel a doubt as to the result of a conflict.

H. W. W.

#### THE LAW AND THE JUDGES.

THE Legal Year was opened with all due pomp and ceremony at the Courts on Monday, and for the next nine months or so the judges will diligently draw their salaries, and will occasionally perform their duties. A round dozen of them perform those duties in a way that provides much amusement to such of the Junior Bar as know any law, and are the cause of unspeakable dismay and wrath among the unhappy litigants who suffer from their vagaries. Some of them were capable judges once, but have "gone off" rapidly of recent years; others of them were damaged political remnants—bad stuff to start with, and not likely to improve with keeping. Any profession or business or trade that is managed on rational lines provides for the retiring and pensioning off of its veterans and its incapables: the Law alone, supposed to be the sum of all reason, has provided no means of compulsorily getting rid of venerable impotence. He may still sit on the bench, "sans eyes, sans teeth, sans everything," but till he himself sees fit to resign, a living judge is practically immovable. The text-books of constitutional law tell us that this is part of the dear-bought heritage of freedom, and that it is indissolubly connected with Runnymede and Shipmoney and the Bill of Rights. It may be so, but it is sometimes inconvenient.

One result of dilatory and incompetent judicial machinery is to be seen in that fact that legal business continues steadily to fall off. As compared with this time last year just half the number of cases have been entered in the Queen's Bench Division. Such a legal "landslide" is no doubt partly the result of accident, but no combination of accidents can account for the growing reluctance of business men to have recourse to the law courts for the settlement of their disputes. It is not that our laws are worse or worse administered now than they were in the past. On the contrary, they are better. But education, intelligence, business methods have been advancing by leaps and bounds, while the lawyers have been advancing at a snail's pace. Law, indeed, is the last thing to be reformed or altered. The lawyers are content to have it as it is, and the litigants are utterly devoid of the continuity and combination that are essential for reform. And so the abuses persist and breed fresh abuses mitigated only when some ferocious reformer—a Bentham or a Romilly—comes to the front and spends his life in

exposing and denouncing them, or it is only fair to add, when a strong and great judge comes to the front and withers up a whole wilderness of petty and harassing technicalities in the furnace-heat of his just indignation. How, otherwise, was it that the late Master of the Rolls banished frivolous and dilatory appeals from his Court, and has not the attitude of the Lord Chief Justice had its effect in stopping some at least of the vexatious and blackmailing libel actions against newspapers that used at one time to cumber and block the lists on the Queen's Bench side?

But we cannot arrange for a constant supply of Russells at the Bar or on the Bench, and our general complaint against the administration of our law—its lack of "humanity"—remains unmodified. Nowhere in the world is law administered with less sympathy, with less of the milk of human kindness, than in our happy and free England. The poor man had better go hang himself than go to law either as plaintiff or defendant; while, if he is a prisoner on a criminal charge, Heaven help him! The game is largely fought with money-bags, and if a man has unlimited funds, and also a passably good case, he is likely to be lucky in the lottery; but if he be without the all-essential, he should agree quickly with his adversary lest a worse thing befall him. There was once, it is said, a famous counsel who, when he attained to the dignity of a coat-of-arms, recognised this fundamental fact of the profession by adopting as his motto the words "*si nummis immunis*," which, in his lighter moments, he was wont to translate—"down with the money and I'll get you off." The story is not vouched for by Burke, and it is, perhaps, apocryphal; but there is truth in it for all that. Given a tired jury, a worn-out judge and a big fee, and we know which side will win the case.

Just at present it is the administration of the criminal law that attracts the most anxious attention. The new Criminal Evidence Act has worked a revolution in our procedure, and, welcoming it heartily as we do, it will require to be watched in its operations, lest, in the hands of those judges who think it their duty to secure convictions, a good weapon of justice be turned into a weapon of oppression. The theory that the undefended prisoner found his advocate and defender on the Bench will not hold water in view of the prevalent tone of some of the most prominent of our judges. Perhaps it is only natural for an old Crown prosecutor to regard an appearance in the dock as a pretty sure sign of depravity and guilt; but we could have wished that Sir Forrest Fulton in his charge at the Old Bailey on Monday—in some respects a notable and worthy pronouncement—had not thought it his duty to talk of the necessity of the judge sometimes coming to the assistance of counsel in securing the conviction of the "clever and astute criminal," and thus seeing that "the ends of justice were not frustrated." We venture to say most emphatically that it is no part of the duty of a judge, when the Crown is represented by counsel and the prisoner is undefended, to constitute himself an additional counsel for the prosecution. Some of the other judges also have been expatiating on the increase of perjury that must result in permitting prisoners to tell their own tale in opposition to the charge put forward against them by the police. We would only suggest that if these judges would as diligently sift and examine the evidence of the policeman as they propose to do that of the prisoner, they would find that the perjury is not all on one side. Indeed, we might go further and say that police evidence as at present conducted is nine times out of ten, and quite apart from deliberate perjury, so selected as to constitute a gross hardship and injustice. When the police have got their "theory" of a case, and are engaged in tracking down a criminal, do they always pay the same attention to the evidence which they discover in his favour as to that which tells against him? Notoriously it is not so. The favourable facts are suppressed or ignored, while the unfavourable are arrayed and advanced with crushing effect. Why should not the prisoner have the benefit of the whole report of the agents of the Crown, of the facts that might serve him as well as of those that go to hang him? The machinery of justice, from the policeman to the judge, ought to be impartial, and the results of its working ought to be accessible to both sides. Then



indeed would our criminal justice be for the first time really impartial in its blindness, not as at present blind only to anything that might give fair play to the man in the dock.

#### THE AFRIDI SETTLEMENT.

THE terms of the arrangement for the future control and management of the Khyber Pass, as telegraphed to England, do not require lengthened comment, for the reason that, with some pretence of introducing new provisions, some obvious, some irrelevant, and some unnecessary, the old arrangement which has existed for many years is maintained with very slight modification. So small a mouse was never before produced by a mountain in labour; so trifling a political change was never effected by 70,000 men, and a campaign conducted by the Commander-in-Chief of the Indian Army. The Afridis are informed that "having ruptured their agreements and forfeited their allowances," they have forced the Government to take and hold the Pass; while immediately afterwards we are informed that "the Government will continue the allowances and maintain a militia recruited from the Afridis and other clans (sic) which will be commanded by British officers." This means, that the Pass will, as before, be held by Afridi militia, who are to be under somewhat more regular discipline and control. So far good—if the control can be better maintained by half a dozen English officers than, as hitherto, by one English Commandant and subordinate native officers of high character and large experience. The old system worked exceedingly well under Colonel Warburton and his distinguished second-in-command, until it broke down suddenly, from no inherent weakness of its own, but owing to the adoption by the Indian authorities of an irritating frontier policy, and the criminal folly of the Peshawar officers in not strengthening the posts when they knew an outbreak was imminent. In any case the English people will be satisfied with any arrangement which provides for the continuous security of the Khyber, and it deprecates a repetition of the humiliating episodes which preceded and made obligatory the ill-devised and worse-conducted Afridi campaign.

The language of the statement of terms leaves much to be desired in the way of lucidity, sense and even grammar; but on such points, though they are not without importance, it may be hypercritical to dwell. We would, however, suggest that the announcement "a railway will be built if necessary" is rather like a fly in amber. It is intended not for the Afridis but for the information of H.H. the Amir, and we shall note with interest the manner in which he receives it. The Government of India are probably waiting with an equal interest. The statement that "the Pass shall be open to trade" has an encyclical ring about it; but such prophecies are best unuttered. If the Government do their duty the pass will be open to trade; if they neglect it, as they did last year, it will be closed. The announcement "a fort will be built at Lundi Kotal" reminds us that there was an excellent and sufficient fort there, designed and built by British engineers, until we allowed its destruction by the Afridis; and the promise "to arrange for supports" might have been omitted from the statement, since the duty is one both obvious and ordinary, although it was, last year, shamefully neglected. Further than this and the slovenly English, the proclamation seems to call for little remark. "Reuter" adds a rather funny tag: "The statement that the new Viceroy will decide as to the future political control of the Pass is incorrect." It is difficult to fathom the mysteries of this oracular utterance, but we presume that the simple and somewhat primitive arrangements on which we have commented are not, like the laws of the Medes and Persians, unchangeable, and that the new Viceroy will be occasionally permitted to inspect and revise the sacred work of his secretaries, under-secretaries and baboos, the lower order of which hierarchy rather than the higher would seem to have been engaged on the preparation of the Afridi terms of settlement. Still, we are glad to have any settlement, to see any prospect of an end to the long, tedious and wasteful wars we have waged with these native tribes. We withhold the appropriate tag.

#### SOME RECOLLECTIONS OF HAROLD FREDERIC.

[BY AN OLD FRIEND.]

I KNEW Harold Frederic ever since he came over to London for the "New York Times," and was at first much puzzled to "place" him. He was, of course, American, patriotically and flamboyantly so, and like a good American he was ever ready to point out our many faults and failings, and to contrast them with the full-orbed perfection of the other hemisphere. But this, on closer acquaintance, was soon seen to be little more than a bad newspaper habit from which few Americans, and no American journalists, seem able to escape. At first he was nervously anxious about his European news, and as I was in a position to help him, as regards Germany, Austria and Russia especially, we soon became friends. We were just of an age, both keen partisans (on opposite sides) on the Irish question, and as our tastes in drinks were not dissimilar, we sometimes sat up very late settling the affairs of the universe.

In these hours of ease the self-assertive American journalist entirely disappeared, and the real Frederic, intensely curious about the movements and forces at work in Europe, came to the front. It was natural enough that after he had felt his strength in literature he should become an out-and-out Londoner, but even at this early stage it was clear that he had quite definitely renounced the raw and half-formed civilisation of the West, and had come to Europe to stay. Indeed, he finally admitted one day, when challenged, that, after having seen what real world-politics meant, nothing would have tempted him to go back to America and take up his pen again in the squalid struggle for a living at the public expense that is called politics in America. His father's family was of German Palatine descent—called "Dutch" in the Eastern States—and he plunged at one time into German politics with almost as much zest as into Irish. But the land of the drill sergeant did not suit his temperament, and although he continued to visit Berlin, it was Germany's international position and her relations to Russia that attracted him. One outcome of this was his book "The Young Emperor," an appreciation of William II., at the time of his accession to the throne. It was a smart piece of journalistic work, and had some vogue at the time, but was of no real value. Characteristically enough, however, Frederic could never be cured of the idea that it was an important contribution to European political literature.

This at once will remind his friends of one of Frederic's characteristics, his unqualified self-confidence. It was this that carried him through life. He felt himself in Utica, in Albany and in New York very far above the men with whom he came into contact, and thus he developed a habit of mind that did not always ingratiate him with strangers. But he was capable when he liked, and generally he did like, of exercising a wonderful charm over his intimates. It was not a matter of what are commonly called manners or courtesy. I fancy he rather gloried in ignoring social conventions, and he could, at times, be brutal in his rough aggressiveness. But none of his friends could remain long estranged; a chance meeting, a few words, a big boyish laugh, and all was forgotten and forgiven. There was a magnetism about the man. See him come into a friend's room, in which there were perhaps as many strangers as acquaintances, and you might be sure that before ten minutes were over, before the sparkle had gone out of the whisky and soda—which he did not refuse—he had constituted himself the master of that company, the centre of its conversation and the main contributor of reminiscence, anecdote and epigram. Sometimes he seemed inclined to claim this privilege as a right, and the incident of perhaps somewhat remote American life and manners, which happened to interest him at the time, would be related in merciless detail while the minutes passed into hours, and the reluctant audience thought of missed trains and neglected appointments. But Frederic, the fury of the anecdotist being upon him, would block the doorway with his towering bulk, and suffer no man to go till he had fashioned the last link of the long chain, till he had elaborated his theme with a Rabelaisian minuteness of detail. But it was not

always thus: he was master also of the short American story that leaves you with a gasp at the audacity of its abrupt last sentence. Who that heard it can ever forget his story of Senator Webster and Mrs. President Polk?

His self-confidence and power of dominating strangers stood him in good stead in one of his first visits—if not his very first visit—to Berlin. The incident as he related it seemed natural enough to an American not brought up in awe of a military caste, but to those who knew Germany it was almost surprising that he came through it with his life. He had been paying some formal diplomatic calls, and in the evening dropped in at the Café Bauer in the unwonted glory of a frock coat and a tall silk hat. This hat was carefully hung on a hatstand, and Frederic sat down to read an English newspaper just arrived. Enter a particularly fine specimen of the lieutenant, booted and spurred and sworded and epauletted. He brushed against the hatstand, knocked Frederic's hat over into the sawdust, and swaggered to his seat without so much as looking round. The slight to the hat was more than Frederic could endure. In a towering passion he went to the lieutenant, stood over him and pointed to the object on the floor. "Pick up that hat, sir," he roared. The officer stared amazed, the waiters were paralysed with terror at hearing one so much more than human so addressed by a civilian. "Pick up that hat," repeated Frederic in a tone more menacing than before. And the lieutenant did what he was told. He was as irresistibly dominated by the courage and force of the man, as a schoolboy before his master; or perhaps he thought Frederic carried the customary West American revolver.

But Frederic was neither selfish nor a bully: the exercise of physical force in any way was repellant to him. He was in many respects, like one of Daudet's *méridionels*, full of the joy of life, and he delighted in seeing others enjoy it with him. He would call on his friends to contribute freely to his enjoyment: if they did not, they were no friends of his; but, on the other hand, he would spare himself in nothing to promote the enjoyment of his friends; he was never happier than when his table at the club or in his house was surrounded by those whom he knew would listen to him, and would meet point with point into the small hours if need be. Like Landor, he "warmed both hands before the fire of life"; he was happy in the passing moment, and content to let the future take care of itself.

He was indeed a singularly interesting personality, and it is impossible yet to realise that the big, powerful body, the keen, observing eyes, the deep voice and the wonderful laugh of Harold Frederic have passed away from us. He was so robust, so hearty, so thorough in all things that the sudden going out of the light is hard to realise. In "Illumination" he contrasted the Greek and Hebrew ideals of life. He was frankly Greek—Pagan if you like. He enjoyed life while he had it. Whence it came or what it all meant was a reflection that never troubled him. It is when we think of the work he might have done, the place he might have won in English literature during the next twenty years, that we begin to realise the loss we have suffered.

#### IN PRAISE OF PIERRE LOUIJS.

HOPING to call back certain hours of exquisite enjoyment, I once more turned the pages of "Les Chansons de Bilitis," "Aphrodite," "La Femme et le Pantin." I have just closed the last of these, and Pierre Louijs' work unfolds itself before me in the sunshine like some brilliant stage pageant. These are books that surpass themselves; these are marvellous in their power of evocation, and memories awake and hover round me, laden with longing and regret. I recall the shiver of desert palms, the murmur of the oasis. Long caravans, loaded with rare stuffs and spices, file past, travelling towards mysterious horizons; Arabs grouped round the evening fire, wrapped in their white woollen burnouses, repeat in monotonous cadence strange tales of passion and poetry; now and then their voices die away, and their dark gaze is veiled in reverie.

Louijs has the magic power that belongs only to talent of the highest order, the power of creating an ineffaceable impression, of calling up images of the most

poignant intensity, just as in a perfect orchestra each instrument contributes to the mass of tone; and I pause to bless the English censorship which would never permit the translation of a novel of his, for it would be impossible to render the charm of the original, and shorn of one factor of emotion, the work would be like a lovely woman with a squint.

Pierre Louijs' first achievements showed a remarkable precocity. In 1892 he published "Chrysis," the first chapter of "Aphrodite," in a Belgian review, "La Wallonie." The author was then twenty-one, and this fragment had been written some time before. A series of his sonnets appeared in the same number of "La Wallonie," for Louijs is a poet as well as a novelist, and his collected poems, which will, I hope, soon be given to the world, will be a revelation. They are known to but very few, and the readers of the "Saturday Review" may be grateful to me for making them acquainted with one which, as far as I know, has never been reprinted:—

#### "LA PRAIRIE.

"Un âme est sur la route et mène un cheval pâle,  
Doux et bridé d'argent et qui marche sans bruit,  
Une âme est sur la plaine et le cheval la suit  
Qui dans ses belles dents tient le bout blanc du châte.

"Au front du cheval tremble un étang d'opale,  
À travers l'âme tout le clair de lune luit,  
Ils s'avancent au gré de l'ineffable nuit,  
Passant de la prairie étincelante et pâle.

"Or les pieds délicats de l'âme sur les près,  
Voici qu'en leur sillage aux gazons éthérés  
Surgissent des lys lourds comme des tourterelles.

"Mais le cheval splendide ignore qu'en marchant  
Il brise à chaque pas les fleurs surnaturelles  
Et de ces blanches morts jonche les vastes champs."

We owe a debt of gratitude to Louijs for having written such a sonnet at a time when poets were losing themselves in the most fantastic verbal complications. From 1892 onward, his progress has been rapid. Without advertisement of any sort, he has come to the front by sheer force of talent—a talent as proud as it is sincere.

After a partial publication of the "Chansons de Bilitis," "Aphrodite" appeared in the "Mercure de France" in 1894 under the title of "L'Esclavage"; the following year it was published in book form; its success was immediate and extraordinary. I shall not describe the plot of "Aphrodite"; this, to my mind, is not the critic's task. The analysis of a work of imagination is always more or less futile; the beauty of a book does not lie in its story, and, to pursue the simile I have already used, a critic who minutely relates the romancer's incidents reminds me of a musician who, anxious to win appreciation for a symphony, dwells only on the part of the first violin.

In connexion with "Aphrodite," I may say a few words as to the curious and highly original fashion in which Louijs treats the historical novel. In such works it is, of course, the writer's task to give a vivid impression of exotism, to make his reader live the life created by his imagination, to lead him back through the course of centuries, to set him in another atmosphere, other scenery, to make him accept another code of morality. Masterpieces have been produced on such lines. Flaubert's "Salammbô" and his "Hérodias," Anatole France's "Thaïs," and those two strange monuments of erudition by a less well-known man, "L'Agonie" and "Byzance," the work of the Marseillais, Jean Lombard.

By dint of skill and knowledge these writers have succeeded in giving us impressions that are clearly outside the range of modern life. But we judge of these impressions by modern standards, and if our vision is delighted, our admiration is none the less a perpetual astonishment. Louijs has adopted totally different methods, and I greatly admire that proud independence of intellect which has caused him to reject a process his erudition placed well within his reach. We feel no astonishment as we read "Aphrodite." Our eyes have no need to accommodate themselves to unexpected details. It is our souls that are enthralled. Louijs has made us Greeks, and has caused us to accept all he chooses to write as natural and simple. All our senses

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are taken captive simultaneously by a sort of magic power, which only a writer of the first rank can wield. When I read "*Salammbô*," admitted masterpiece though it is, I always feel like one of those shaggy barbarians of the mercenary hordes, a stranger, wandering round the walls of Carthage. I admire and I wonder. A single step only, though a great one, for it implies genius, would differentiate this sensation from the pleasure we feel in looking over a collection of fine and curious engravings. Louijs has taken that step for us. We become Alexandrians ourselves for a few brief hours. We know those streets; we have visited that port; we have wandered o' moonlit nights in the gardens of Hermanubis. We, too, felt a thrill of holy horror, when, after the theft, the murder, the sacrilege of Demetrios, Chrysis, superb in all her crimes, showed to the amazed Alexandrians the unknown and incredible vision of a goddess contemplating her cherished city.

Is it a surprising fact that Pierre Louijs never visited Alexandria before writing "*Aphrodite*"? There are no ruins of the ancient city. The modern harbour is made over the spot where it stood. The writer did something better than to go in search of dubious vestiges on the spot itself. He went to Algiers to find the local colour he required in a land that has retained its antique flavour. There on the verge of the desert, watching the eternal drama of the sand, that winding sheet of life and glory, he created the tragic story of the loves of Demetrios and Chrysis, and it was the emotion born of this spectacle of sun-illuminated nature that engendered his vision of Alexandria, rising radiant from her ashes.

It is hardly necessary to say that no anachronism shocks us throughout. The taste and knowledge of the writer are both above reproach. If I may be hypercritical for once, I will allow myself to find fault with him on the score of a detail of little importance, perhaps. The crime of Demetrios is triple; three ordeals, in fact, are imposed on him by the woman he loves. I am tempted to ask the author if classic Greece offers us a single instance of those trinities of expiation or of recompense which abound in our own legends. The very idea is essentially Christian, a birth of the Middle Ages, developed in our *Chansons de Gestes*. But it were trivial to insist too strongly on this minor point.

The perfect frankness with which Louijs approaches his readers ensures a refreshing change from the eternal monotony of the society novel in his treatment of love. His books are not immoral; they are constructed with a view to the morality of the times in which Pierre Louijs, an ancient Alexandrian author who lived B.C. . . ., observed and wrote. Love in his hands is no amiable pleasantry, dramatised to suit the exigencies of the novelist, devitalised and emasculated till it can give no offence to sentimental souls. Somewhere in "*Aphrodite*" Pierre Louijs tells us that "Love is Labour; and the hardest of all labour." It is in fact, a tragedy, over which destiny hovers, implacable. But Louijs has shown us love in another aspect too.

How can I hope to convey the grace that breathes from the "*Chansons de Bilitis*"? All the pastorals of our decorated and diploma'd Academicians put together are not worth a single page of this exquisite lyrical romance, at once chaste and sensual. The one theme is love, its birth, its glory, its regrets, its death; when Bilitis saw her body fading, when wrinkles appeared, she ceased to sing; she had lived her life of beauty to the full, and asked for no forgiveness, for she had "loved much."

The conception of love as tragedy is admirably developed in Louijs' latest novel, "*La Femme et le Pantin*," a terrible book, that clutches at one's heart, and almost forces a cry of pity from one's throat. Love broods over this fierce and sensual romance, producing a heartrending sense of the hopeless tangle of life. Spain is the background of this grim drama. From the technical standpoint the work is a *tour de force*. To maintain a single situation throughout four-fifths of the book was a hazardous enterprise. Louijs has brought it to a successful issue.

But what need to expatiate on the merits of an author who must be read in the original to be appreciated. I have no fears for Louijs. I know that he will climb ever higher on the upward path he has entered. After the appearance of "*Aphrodite*" it was commonly said

that Louijs could not deal with anything but the antique. How brilliant has been his refutation of his critics! He has shown himself capable of giving us the sweetest and the most violent of impressions. He has treated the eternal theme of Love in an entirely novel fashion, and it would be no exaggeration to apply to him the title "Master of Love and of Lust."

A. GILBERT DES VOISINS.

#### THE WHITMARSH TRIAL.

THE law has had fine sport with that very weak and disreputable person, John Lloyd Whitmarsh. It will be remembered that before the long vacation he was put on trial for his life. The prosecutor and the judge made noble efforts, but the pack did not run together, and failed to kill. The quarry was removed to safe keeping against the run of this week. While the law was taking its pleasure at its country seats, Whitmarsh, like a carted deer, lay in prison, but, unlike the less unhappy lower animal, was in full consciousness of the fact that in due course he would have to endure a repetition of the original ordeal. This second time the jury were kept better in hand and did not fail to bring in the verdict which the judge expected them "as reasonable men" to supply. The prisoner had then to listen to the barbarous jumble of cruelty and piety which constitutes the death formula of our law courts, and he has the final torture of awaiting the decision of the Home Secretary, although he is probably the only person in England who can fail to realise that the infliction of the sentence of the law is impossible. The judge knows it, the jury knows it, the Home Secretary knows it, and the wretched prisoner himself would know it if his mind and body were not reduced to collapse by the tortures to which they have been submitted. The whole procedure with its ghastly mixture of farce and tragedy reminds us of some romance of the backwoods, where the victim, after a rude trial, is slung up on a false noose and given a rope to hold on by, while all the crowd knows that when, with a last cry of despair, he lets go, the untied noose will slip from his neck. We commend this situation to the attention of Mr. Justice Bigham, who, in passing sentence, informed the prisoner that his situation would act as a warning to other people. Apart from the general stupidity of the present procedure of the law in such cases, two special points strike us as worthy of special notice, the first relating to the conduct of judges, and the second bearing on the attitude of the State to the particular crime for which Whitmarsh has been condemned.

The conduct of judges in transcending the limits of their proper sphere is a subject upon which in recent times we have had occasion to make repeated comment. The last business of a judge is to use the Bench as a pulpit, and to read from it moral lessons. Mr. Justice Phillimore gravely denouncing the immorality of the relief it is his duty to dispense to couples seeking divorce, or Mr. Justice Hawkins or Mr. Justice Bigham approving the verdicts of their juries or scolding the prisoners they are about to sentence, act with the propriety of a hangman who should pause, with his hand on the lever, to utter a few remarks on the general advisability of capital punishment and its peculiar value in the case in hand. It is not because a crime is serious that a judge has to assist a jury in coming to a verdict; it is not because punishment is deserved that he has to pass sentence. It is because the law has recognised certain acts as criminal, and has earmarked them with certain punishments; and because a judge receives a salary as executive officer of the law, that he has any status at all. His status is that of interpreter and agent; his expressed approval or disapproval is really a contempt of the Court in which he presides. Let us suppose the attitude assumed by Mr. Justice Bigham in the trial of Whitmarsh to have been the reverse of what actually appeared, and that he told the jury as follows: "I believe that the law with regard to the crime of which the prisoner at the bar is accused is a relic of savage or mediæval customs wholly inconsonant with the usage and belief of modern civilisation. Nothing can be more certain than that the unfortunate man performed the action, if he did perform it, with no intention against the life of his

patient. It may be that there was a grave error in judgment; it may be that the fatal result was due to one of the malign chances that occur in all the operations of surgery in a percentage of cases. It is our duty to recognise here that such actions are regarded by the law as criminal, but it may be permitted us to reflect that a surgeon may well balance in his mind the certain evil and misery resulting from the birth of an undesired and illegitimate child against the uncertain risk of an operation; we may balance the certain ruin of a young woman's reputation, the addition to a crowded land of an unwanted child, unhappy from its birth, and the disruption produced in the families of the parents against a reputed crime; we may balance the evils that make for child-murder against the risks of a surgical operation. We are here to try him as a legal criminal; can we be certain that he is a moral criminal? Not for a moment would we suggest that such remarks are more than sophisms, but we do suggest that, put from the bench with the practised dignity of a judge, they would influence a jury as much in one direction as denunciations of the immorality of the crime influence it in the other direction. And we suggest that the importation by judges of considerations drawn not from law but from their private convictions and prejudices is a scandal which is grave and increasing.

With regard to the particular crime itself, we have first to remark that the present state of the law is extremely inconvenient, and is bound to occasion such unhappy procedure as has occurred in the case of Whitmarsh. When the public is divided, juries cannot be depended upon to agree; and when the penalty offends prevailing conceptions of justice, juries, however they may be directed by the judge, will not always agree. No doubt the time is not yet ripe, and may never be ripe, for such a radical revision of the law as would resolve cases like that of Whitmarsh into questions as to how far due medical skill was exhibited. But in the meantime there is one great source of danger and suffering which may well have been the chief contributory cause to the death of the poor girl in the present case, and of the victims in several recent cases. The inevitable and serious dangers of the most skillful surgical treatment are enormously increased by disordered conditions of health in the patient. In the production of these disordered states, a chief factor, and one most frequently present where resort is had to a practitioner, is a previous use of certain patent medicines. Almost every popular periodical, daily, weekly or monthly, abounds with advertisements that make no concealment of what they offer purchasers. The wide distribution of such advertisements, and the revelations in a recent blackmailing case, show how successfully such baits lure customers. That they are dangerous and inefficient is known to every medical man. Their continued use makes treatment by surgeons extraordinarily more dangerous, so much so that after their use treatment with absolutely no criminal purpose may be followed by fatal consequences. The sweeping nature of the present condition of the law respecting illegal operations obscures all such minor and yet most important considerations, but whether or not that law be altered, there is an immediate opportunity for the reformer in the control of the sale and advertisement of the drugs in question.

#### WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH OUR HOOLIGANS?

WE have heard a great deal from time to time about the ruffianism of the Hooligans. Indignant citizens and humane newspapers cry aloud for the application of the "cat" to the London youth who corresponds to the "larrikin" of Australia, or the "corner boy" of the United States, without a suspicion apparently that our Hooligan is as immensely superior to either of his distant relatives abroad as is the average Englishman to other nations. One might almost say that this youth is a Hooligan because he is an Englishman. In every University there is a chronic feud between "town" and "gown." In every slum there is bitter hatred and passionate rivalry between the inhabiting youth of neighbouring streets; and what are the wild adventures, the savage night attacks, the un-

provoked incursions into the neighbour's territory, the scorn of law and order when they stand in the way of enterprise, but the Englishman's character run to seed, and wofully degraded from its high estate? And it is to the Englishman in these unbroken savages that we are asked to apply the "cat"!

To the average householder or father of a family who has a strong dislike to being assaulted in the streets when he returns from a hard day's work, or at best to be thrust off the pavement by a set of sturdy young fellows who are still in the prime of their fighting days, the mere question of advancing a plea in favour of those whom they regard in the light of young ruffians would seem the height of paradox and absurdity. Yet as soon as one can detach oneself from the personal element which naturally comes to the fore in such cases, one penetrates to a deeper truth which lies at the root of such aberrations from what the average man regards as "respectable" conduct. It has not been the men who were "respectable" who have done the great deeds that have placed the race from which they have sprung among the great and memorable races of the earth.

To men of clear vision the desire and ardour for combat and struggle which are noticeable in Englishmen and which are so conspicuous to any one who has made any more or less prolonged sojourn out of England, are the characteristic expression of a nation full of vital energy, a nation which has remained in fact still young, and still endowed with the power which that energy typifies. For what are these Hooligans, these "young barbarians"—do they not inevitably remind us of those Hawkwoods and Shirleys and Willoughbys and Drakes and Clives (the list is endless) to whose exploits we owe everything which makes the English name not merely respected, but feared? Spain herself has produced in her Pizarros and Cortez and their daring comrades, Hooligans without number. Considering the rank from which the men sprang who became Marshals of France, had none of them the Hooligan instinct? We owe a whole continent to a number of convicts who had to be deported from this country because the rulers of the time esteemed them too dangerous for its social welfare; and however any Englishman may express himself with regard to the unhappy results of the Jameson raid, there lurks within him a feeling of admiration for the spirit that incited it. Egypt itself and our triumph there is an expression of what Goethe felt was the strongest point of the Englishman. Talking to Eckermann, he said that he always liked to see Englishmen, because they always knew what they wanted, and used their utmost energy to get it. He mentioned also the wonderful freedom from interference by superiors which was allowed to the English boy, and he deplored the fact that, in his own country, even the most innocent boyish amusements were liable to interruption by an incursion of gendarmes.

This state of affairs is not better but worse in Germany now than it was in Goethe's time. Any one who knows France at all knows that the same bowing-down before the policeman cramps the finest energies of her youth. As Goethe saw so clearly, there is a limit beyond which it is hurtful to a nation to restrict the ebullency of its youth. We do not mean to carry this point beyond a certain limit of approved rebelliousness against authority. We must needs sympathise a little with the "respectable" people to whom the whole matter of Hooliganism appears in the light of a personal grievance. But there is a danger which we should not underrate in subjecting these wilder spirits to the extreme penalties of a law that makes no allowance for the psychological meaning of the outburst. No doubt the actions of the Chelsea boys, the Velvet Caps, the Girdle gang, &c., and all varieties of the Hooligan and Larrikin, appear at first blush to be a recrudescence of original barbarism; but it is perhaps a barbarism which is of the essence of the national spirit itself. London is, after all, no stranger to outbreaks of this element. The London apprentices have left their mark in history, and in an earlier day our Hooligans would have been apprentices.

It is therefore in all seriousness that we appeal for an answer to the question: What shall we do with our



Hooligans? To fine them is useless, since their strongly developed *esprit de corps* makes them club their not over-abundant "browns" and "tanners" to pay the fine of the brother who has been "lagged." To send them to prison is worse than useless. It is no deterrent, but rather an added mark of distinction, as who should say confinement in a dungeon for trespass into an alien land. To give them the lash is to turn healthy young animals into callous and degraded brutes. Yet these are the only remedies which "respectable" people can arrive at, cudgel their brains as they may. The un-"respectable" Salvation Army has alone made an attempt to save this valuable material from going utterly to waste. It has fed them and warmed them and explained to them that they are not so alien as they think, if they think at all, to the race in whose midst they live their adventurous lives. And the Salvation Army has, we believe, in its dim, religious way, understood what we have declared above: that these uncouth Hooligans are our brothers and Englishmen, and that if we can make them understand that we think them fine fellows, they will be ready to fight for us, to conquer new lands for us, and to fulfil their destinies like men. It is the privilege of Nature to waste; it is man's to save.

#### RICHTER AGAIN, AND A NEW MUSICAL INSTRUMENT

WHEN the editorial guillotine descended last week, it cut off my dissertation on the natural history and merits and demerits of Richter at the very point where the subject was beginning really to interest me. This week the good fates have ordered that I shall write on Richter or on nothing, for excepting Richter there has been no one to write on. But nobody need start: it is not my intention to repeat my article of last week under pretence of continuing it. On the contrary, dropping all the superior airs which were well enough while the lordly critic discussed the humble artist, I, now the humble critic, wish to ask the lordly artist when he means to make his programmes more alluring and what he means by his present lapse into hackneyed Wagner and barren new Russianism. Is it not the case that the Wagner business has been overdone this long while? I remember warning Messrs. Wood and Newman more than a year ago, in my most painfully impressive manner, that in heaping three or four tons of Wagner per night upon the Promenaders they were killing the goose that laid the golden eggs. The goose is not quite dead yet, but it is growing very thin and bony. The crowd comes as of yore to hear the Valkyries' Ride; but we intellectual people stay at home, thirsting after Mozart or any other relief to the incessant deafening, nerve-destroying roar of the modern orchestra. And just when we are beginning to feel very strongly indeed about the matter Richter comes across and blazes away at us with the overture to the "Mastersingers of Nuremberg," the "Tannhäuser" overture and so on; and by way of relief to these he gives us Russian nonsense in which Wagner's orchestra is used without a millionth part of Wagner's brains, and Berlioz's "Harold in Italy" symphony, in which we find all the qualities of fine music save beauty and spontaneous undervalued emotion. And the worst of the business is that Richter is by no means a Wagner player of the first rank. The essential qualities of Wagner's music are brought out infinitely better by Mottl and a great deal better by Wood. It is true that Richter gets a degree of technical finish that Wood and Mottl do not get; but that scarcely compensates for the dullness, the unpicturesqueness, the lack of passion and colour, which pervade most of his Wagner playing. As for this new Russianism, it might be dismissed in a sentence were it not that a number of new Russian composers are trying to sail gaily towards popular success on Tschaikowsky's Pathetic symphony. People, especially the critics of the duller dailies, hear loud noises on the drum and a great deal of blaring of the brass in the Pathetic symphony, and hear the same thing in an achievement of some unknown Russian student with an unpronounceable and unspellable name; and straightway they hasten to proclaim the unpronounceable as a second Tschaikowsky. That easy method of comparative criticism has already led to

some big blunders, and it will soon lead to more. Tschaikowskys do not grow on every bush. The secret of Tschaikowsky's power, even of his popular success, was not his Russian blood, but his share of that sheer musical temperament, imagination, emotion, which are bestowed by the good gods on favoured individuals here and there irrespective of nationality. The nationality without the inventive power, the emotion, counts for nothing, and to try to make it count is a sure way of coming to grief. Most of the new Russians played by Mr. Henry Wood have had nothing save their nationality to recommend them. But there was a good enough reason, or at least a good enough excuse, for Mr. Wood's somewhat passionate flirtation with Russian music: most of us, had we been so lucky as to be in his place, would have done even as he did. Richter, on the other hand, was a settled-down respectable married man before Mr. Wood was born; and he certainly has not Mr. Wood's excuse. Yet at his first concert he played nearly the dullest and most poorly invented piece in all Mr. Wood's new Russian repertory; at his second he played the interminable suite in G, the most tiresome thing Tschaikowsky wrote. And as in the case of his Wagner playing, what makes the matter worse is the fact that Richter does not play the Russian music well. But in each case there are exceptions. I like Richter's version of the overture to the "Mastersingers of Nuremberg" better, infinitely better, than any other version I have heard; his version of the Pathetic symphony is infinitely better than Mottl's and a good deal better than Wood's. But his renderings of the suite in G and the unpronounceable achievement were mere specimens of honest Capellmeister-work. I beg him in future to give us more Beethoven and Mozart. It is nonsense to talk about the unwillingness of people to come and hear them. Richter could almost draw an audience if he played nothing but Parry and Mackenzie; and with Mozart and Beethoven he is perfectly safe.

At his second concert it was a delightful relief to hear Beethoven's concerto in G, one of Beethoven's loveliest things, and certainly the most interesting concerto in the world. The concerto form, with its endless bravura cadenzas and scale passages, is not an exhilarating form. It is the instrumental equivalent to a bravura song in an Italian opera. But in the G, as in the E flat, and as in Mozart's D minor, the form is filled with such noble music that one forgives it and almost forgives the player; and the G is freshest and brightest of them all. It was played by Mr. Ernest de Dohnanyi, concerning whom little can be said at present. His performance showed him to be a fair craftsman, but it had no striking points, save the harmonious way in which the piano part blended with the orchestra; and this was partly due to the ingenious construction of the concerto and partly to the excellence of the new Broadwood grand, about which we have heard so much. I want to say something about this astonishing instrument, in which I have long taken quite a godfatherly interest. Many years ago it was necessary for me to examine some old harpsichords, spinets and virginals, so I went to Great Pulteney Street, and by the kindness of Messrs. Broadwood was enabled to see all I wanted to see, and more. Mr. Algernon Rose took me up to the top of the establishment, and instead of taking my life—he might easily have toppled me through a window, for we were quite alone—for giving him so much trouble, he ransacked the place and found a sufficient number of old instruments to build a bungalow. I examined them, and smelt them, and broke them, and generally did a lot of mischief, and Mr. Rose merely looked on smilingly; and then, when I had finished, he said that though I doubtless considered everything there very wonderful and interesting, he could show me something still more wonderful and interesting. Then he introduced me to one of the earlier barless grands. Most of my readers will have noticed that ordinary grands have strong iron bars running across them, mainly, it would seem, for the purpose of collecting dust. We have nearly all at times struggled with the heavy lid of a grand, and after gaining leverage by placing one hand inside we have nearly all thought vehemently. Well, beyond the loss of this advantage I could see nothing in the barless grand; and when Mr. Rose told

me that if something—I don't know what—happened the whole frame would instantaneously curl up and kill every one in the vicinity, there seemed to me less than ever to be proud of in having made so diabolical a machine. However, Mr. Rose explained what was to be done: how the frame was to be cured of this deplorable tendency, and how then a piano of fuller, freer and finer tone than any in existence would result. After moving to a safe distance I expressed my approval of this laudable aim and departed. Early this year, or late last year, Mr. Rose asked me to come and try the perfect instrument. With some trepidation I did so, and after playing for some three or four hours upon it I came to the conclusion that it was all Mr. Rose had prophesied. Mr. Rose strongly advised me to hear Liebling play upon it in a public hall. But, as all the world knows, Mr. Liebling took special measures to frighten the London critics out of their wits; and I, for one, did not care to risk a public chastisement; wherefore I never heard the piano till Monday night of this week. Having heard it, I declare it to be the finest instrument of its sort I have chanced on. My afore-mentioned godfatherly interest may bias me; but that is my opinion. As for explanations of why the thing sounds so magnificently, they simply make my head reel, and I never could understand them. Anyhow, they are not musical criticism. It is sufficient for me that the piano, after remaining for many years an intractable wild beast in the concert-room, has at last become a musical instrument to which one may listen to with pleasure. It is virtually a new musical instrument.

J. F. R.

## MR. DAVIDSON AND HIS PLAY.

I HAVE been reading "Godfrida," Mr. John Davidson's new play, with such pleasure that I feel rather churlish in suggesting that it ought not to have been published. Had Mr. Davidson published it simply to give me pleasure, I should keep my suggestion to myself; but I suspect that he had other motives as well, and so I will be quite frank. He himself has evidently foreseen that his wisdom will be called in question, for in his fantastic preface the "Interviewer" is made to ask whether, inasmuch as people will not read a play which they have not seen, he think it wise to publish his play before it has been produced. "I would not care," replies the author, "to invite an audience to witness a play which I could not invite my readers to peruse." Ciceronian, but rather evasive! The Interviewer's doubt was, not whether the play were worth reading, but whether it ought to have been published before production. However, the question itself was evasive also. The real point is not whether the book will have a good sale. Mr. Davidson is a poet of much repute, and there are many people who like to read his every book, many who will read "Godfrida." On the other hand, there is no doubt that previous publication does mar a play's chances of successful production. The real point, therefore, is whether the publication ought not to have been delayed in the interest of the play itself as a theatrical asset. The Interviewer should have put his question conversely, as thus: "Will it be wise, hereafter, to produce your play, seeing that people will not go to see a modern play which they have previously read?" Mr. Davidson, in his Ciceronian way, would doubtless have replied that he would not care to invite his readers to peruse a play which he could not invite an audience to witness—or something to this (very splendid) effect. Yet do I suspect that his point of view is quite simple. I suspect him of having supposed "Godfrida" to be one of those plays which, written by literary men, are better read in the library than seen in the playhouse. (Observe that I too become Ciceronian!) He could not have made a greater mistake. "Godfrida" is a high-spirited romance of action. It is so constructed that it could be acted, with all probability of popular success, exactly as Mr. Davidson has written it. Except the preface, there is nothing at all esoteric about it. One enjoys reading it because much of it is very beautifully written, but the writing is never carried to a point where it would retard or obscure the scheme. In a word, it is a play for the stage. Why have sent it thus, in the first instance, to a publisher,

not to a manager, and have jeopardised its chances of production? There are two kinds of plays for which publication, not production, is the right destiny. These are, firstly, plays written without reference to the conventions of the modern theatre—plays which, like the "Cenci," are not plays at all, but simply poems cast in an obsolete form of drama. It is obvious that only a lunatic would claim for plays of this kind any right in the modern theatre. Then, secondly, there are plays which, like "Admiral Guinea," or "Mrs. Warren's Profession," are written with a view to the modern stage, but are, for one reason and another, dramatically worthless. "Admiral Guinea" is a piece of delicate literature, and "Mrs. Warren's Profession" is a scathing fragment of political economy. No library would be complete without them. Their final form—the only form, indeed, to which they are entitled—is in a book. But no amount of sophistry will ever convert me to the belief, gravely expressed by some writers, that the dramatist of the future will find greater satisfaction in publishing his plays, than in having them produced. Dramatic writing is, essentially, writing for the stage. They who, through deficiency in dramatic instinct, cannot write well for the stage, should cast their ideas in the form of novels, or essays, or treatises, or speeches. Dramatic conventions are a necessary evil to those who write for the stage: to those who don't, they are a superfluous nuisance, to which it is foolish to submit. They hamper the writer in his work, and they mar his readers' enjoyment. "Godfrida" would be even more enjoyable in reading were it not written directly for the stage. As it is written directly for the stage—and, though Mr. Davidson may not believe me, written in such a way that it would succeed upon the stage—I regret immensely that it was sent to Mr. John Lane rather than to Mr. Forbes Robertson, who would be far better occupied in enacting so excellent and so live a part as Isembert than in playing spelicans, however skilfully, with the dry bones of Macbeth. I hope that I shall yet see "Godfrida" in some theatre, though I fear that Mr. Davidson has, in publishing it, seriously impaired my chance of doing so. I should like to have the chance of praising, in detail, the dramatic ingenuity of its scheme. So long as it is simply a book, I will confine myself to saying that it is full of real poetry, and to imploring Mr. Davidson not to let his mastery of blank-verse run away with him. I admit that fine effects can often be gained by tampering with the metre, and that no poet, in his blank-verse, ever adheres to the laws of blank-verse so strictly as does Mr. Sidney Grundy in his prose. But I can conceive no excuse for such a line as—

"If it were only by being easily."

That is not the way for a poet to sprain his iambic feet. Nor should a poet allow even the meanest of his characters to say

"Letters and gifts cease suddenly, no cause

Assigned.—I am afraid I tire you."

"No cause assigned" is a vile phrase in anything but the report of a modern inquest. A poet can only use it out of sheer bravado. To emphasise it by splitting it into two lines is something worse than bravado. I am glad to say that Mr. Davidson very rarely deflects thus from the line of beauty. I have but one other little rebuke to offer him. In publishing a play, one should describe the scenes exactly as though one were describing scenes in a book. In France, this is done by many of the younger playwrights. Mr. Shaw has done it in England. Mr. Davidson abides by the old convention. "Chairs," he says sternly, "on which are the hats of Ingleram, &c., are set conveniently." A spinning-wheel near the large window. A summer morning." That kind of tone, as of a drill-sergeant rapping out the word of command, is all very well when it is addressed merely to the stage-manager or property-master, who has to provide the chairs, the spinning-wheel and the summer morning. But, in addressing his irresponsible readers, a dramatist should describe every scene of his play with some measure of suavity and charm.

Last Saturday, Mr. Henry Hamilton's version of "The Three Musketeers" reached the Globe Theatre, after a circuitous journey from Camberwell. As my readers may remember, I saw the play at its first production. I said then that it was badly written, but



that for aught I knew the book might have been badly written also, and Mr. Hamilton's style accordingly justified. Since that time, however, I have gone so far as to read the book, which is written, I find, in very decent French. Thus am I forced reluctantly to the conclusion that Mr. Hamilton's style is his own, and that such coruscating jewels as "Were it known that I were a Huguenot, it were certain death," are cut and graven by his own hand, according to his own design. Poor dear gentleman! However, I always admit that literary merit is unnecessary to a play's success, and I should not have again drawn attention to the appalling nature of Mr. Hamilton's style had not several other critics—poor dear gentlemen!—praised it. Now that I have read the book, I hasten to say that Mr. Hamilton's version of it is very ingenious and stimulating. It recalls for one all the most salient and delightful incidents of the book. A good play it is not, but the greatest genius in dramaturgy could not make of "The Three Musketeers" a good play which would be also a full version of so vastly diffuse a book. Mr. Hamilton, I take it, would not pretend that his play is good as a play: he is content to have provided a good entertainment for those who know Dumas and a passable one for those who don't. The dresses and the scenery are brand-new and exceedingly resplendent. The caste is a good one. As D'Artagnan, Mr. Waller is even better, if anything, than he was at Camberwell. And Messrs. Bassett Roe, Goodhart and Gurney are admirable as the three musketeers. But the ideal impersonators of Athos, Porthos and Aramis would be—need I say?—the Sisters Levey. Max.

### MONEY MATTERS.

WAR markets, the while no man believed in the possibility of war, have been the absurdly characteristic feature of the Stock Exchange during the week. Last week we pointed out that the monetary situation, rather than the fear of war, had caused prices to tumble all round. This week a more or less factitious war-scare has in its turn aggravated the uneasiness due to the tightness of the Money Market, and has thus caused a further general decline in values. The Stock Exchange is always more under the influence of the "may be" than of the actual, and the publication of the French Yellow Book, with the issue of the second English Blue Book on the Fashoda affair close upon its heels, set the nerves of every broker and jobber tingling. On Monday morning prices were fairly steady, and, luckily for operators in the South African market, the mining carry-over was completed before the collapse of all the markets in the afternoon. Tuesday was a day almost of panic, and prices went up and down in exact consonance with the quick fluctuations in the price of Consols, which, in a time of crisis, are always considered to be the barometer of the markets. And a very bad barometer they are. No doubt there were large sales of Consols as a hedge against commitments in other markets, but at the lower prices reached there were undoubtedly big purchases also. It has, indeed, been openly stated that certain people in high places, who possess sources of information not accessible to the general public, did very well out of the bear tactics of frightened speculators. On Wednesday, however, the fall of the French Ministry oddly enough first steadied the market and then brought about an important recovery. It was noted on the one hand that the Dreyfus business had clearly driven every thought of Fashoda out of the heads of Frenchmen, and on the other it was believed that the swapping of horses while crossing the stream would necessarily delay the development of the Fashoda crisis, and in this way would diminish the chances of a conflict between England and France. On Thursday the more sanguine view again prevailed, for although a rumour that Major Marchand had already been recalled proved to be unfounded, there was a general impression that the French Government had made up its mind to evacuate Fashoda, and the fact that no change was made in the Bank rate, which therefore remains at 4 per cent., was taken to mean that all real danger was past.

That this is the case it would be, however, premature to assert. The Fashoda incident may no longer be serious, but with the Cour de Cassation considering the question of the revision of the Dreyfus case, the forces of disorder in France are likely to create renewed disturbances, which may at any moment lead to a serious weakness of the Paris Bourse. Much of course will depend upon the new ministry which emerges from the crisis; but just as the Republic has been saved from a coup d'état, for the moment, by the lack of a strong man to place himself at the head of the army, so also it still runs the danger of a revolution, because there is no strong man on the other side who will be able to vindicate the authority of the civil power against the pretensions of an arrogant and unscrupulous military caste. The course of Consols and French Rentes during the past week has been significant. Consols fell from 109 $\frac{1}{16}$  at the opening on Thursday last, to 107 $\frac{5}{8}$  at the close on Tuesday, the lowest point touched being 106 $\frac{3}{4}$ , and the difference between highest and lowest being  $\text{£}1\frac{5}{16}$ . French 3 per cent. Rentes on the Paris Bourse merely fell from 101.80 francs, on Thursday, to 101.50 francs, on Tuesday, a difference of only 30 centimes. It is clear, therefore, that whilst we have been taking the Fashoda business in England very seriously indeed, across the Channel it has been considered a matter of very slight importance. French operators had, of course, the advantage of knowing that Frenchmen would never fight for the fever-stricken swamp on the Nile where M. Marchand has hoisted the French flag, whilst we on our side have been perfectly certain all the time that Englishmen would fight for the control of the Nile valley, and for our pathway from Cairo to Cape Town. But even if the Fashoda business is settled, there is not much likelihood of a much better tone in the Stock Markets until there is a new ministry in France, with a fairly-strong man at its head, and until the Cour de Cassation has settled the Dreyfus affair. And in case these two matters are disposed of, it is still impossible to foresee how this unhappy year will end, for the situation in China is again beginning to give promise of further trouble.

The somewhat strained position of the Money Market has during the week been much aggravated by the action of the Scotch banks in calling in their advances, and there has been a corresponding fall in the value of those securities mainly held in Glasgow. But in general there are indications that the stringency of the market will shortly be relieved. The Bank of England has received a fair amount of gold during the week, and the usual weekly return shows an increase of  $\text{£}606,000$  in the reserve, although the proportion of reserve to liabilities has fallen  $\frac{3}{4}$  per cent. to 48 $\frac{3}{4}$  per cent. owing to the large increase of  $\text{£}2,124,005$  in the private deposits. The Bank still retains its control of the market, although, to judge by the increase of  $\text{£}1,834,252$  in "other securities," it has largely diminished its borrowings from the outside. Government securities show, however, a decrease of  $\text{£}905,000$ . The demand for money for the purposes of the settlement on the Stock Exchange has, on the other hand, compelled the market to go to the Bank for advances, and has thus enabled it to maintain its control. Outside rates continue therefore to approximate closely to the Bank standard, three months' fine bills being quoted at 3 $\frac{1}{8}$  to 4 per cent., whilst the day-to-day rate still remains as high as 3 $\frac{3}{4}$  per cent. There has been a notable rise in the Paris exchange on London during the week, indicating a considerable flow of gold across the Channel, due probably to the purchase of interest-bearing securities in London as being a safer place than Paris in which to keep one's savings at a time of crisis like the present.

The settlement in Home Rails, as was natural in view of the rise in the value of money and the nervousness of the market, showed a large number of declines, and though there has been some recovery, present quotations still show a considerable fall in values as compared with last week. The one exception has been Great Northern "A" stock, which has risen 1 $\frac{3}{4}$  to 53 $\frac{3}{4}$ . The action of the Scotch Banks has caused a heavy fall of 6 points in Great North of Scotland, and smaller declines of 3 and

2 respectively in Caledonian and Highland. Amongst English rails, Metropolitans have been most adversely affected, and are quoted  $3\frac{1}{2}$  points lower than last week. South Western Deferred has fallen 3 points, North Western and South Western Ordinary  $2\frac{1}{2}$ , and most of the other stocks between 1 and 2. Now is undoubtedly the moment for the shrewd investor in high-class stocks to seize his opportunity. American Rails have pursued a course of their own, and although the market has been somewhat flat for various reasons, the political situation in Europe has probably affected them not at all.

#### NET YIELD OF HOME RAILWAY STOCKS. ENGLISH RAILWAYS.

Company.	Dividends 1897-8.	Price 26 Oct.	Yield p.c. £ s. d.
Midland Deferred .....	$3\frac{3}{8}$	84 $\frac{1}{2}$	3 19 10
Great Northern "A" .....	$2\frac{1}{2}$	53 $\frac{1}{2}$	3 19 0
Great Northern Deferred ...	$2\frac{1}{2}$	53 $\frac{1}{2}$	3 19 0
Brighton Deferred.....	7	178	3 18 7
South Eastern Deferred ...	$3\frac{1}{2}$	103 $\frac{1}{2}$	3 15 0
North Eastern .....	$6\frac{1}{2}$	174	3 13 3
North Western .....	7	196	3 11 5
Lancashire and Yorkshire ..	$5\frac{1}{2}$	145	3 10 8
Brighton Ordinary.....	$6\frac{3}{8}$	185	3 8 11
South Western Deferred ...	3	87	3 8 11
Great Northern Preferred...	4	118	3 7 9
South Eastern Ordinary ...	$4\frac{1}{8}$	148	3 1 7
Metropolitan .....	$3\frac{1}{2}$	123 $\frac{1}{2}$	3 0 8
Great Eastern .....	$3\frac{1}{2}$	116	3 0 4
South Western Ordinary ...	$6\frac{1}{2}$	219 $\frac{1}{2}$	3 0 4
Midland Preferred .....	$2\frac{1}{2}$	83 $\frac{1}{2}$	3 0 0
Great Western .....	$4\frac{1}{2}$	163	2 18 3
Great Central Preferred ...	$1\frac{1}{2}$	59	2 10 10

#### SCOTCH RAILWAYS.

Company.	Dividends, 1897-8.	Price 26 Oct.	Yield p.c. £ s. d.
Glasgow & S. West. Def...	$2\frac{1}{2}$	62	4 4 8
Great Northern .....	$3\frac{1}{2}$	80	4 1 3
North British Preference ...	3	86 $\frac{1}{2}$	3 9 1
Caledonian .....	5	146	3 8 5
Glasgow & S. West. Pref..	$2\frac{1}{2}$	80	3 2 6
North British Ordinary .....	1	40	2 10 0
Highland.....	$1\frac{1}{2}$	67 $\frac{1}{2}$	1 17 0

#### IRISH RAILWAYS.

Company.	Dividends, 1897-8.	Price 26 Oct.	Yield p.c. £ s. d.
Great South. and West. ...	$5\frac{3}{8}$	141	3 16 2
Great Northern .....	$6\frac{1}{2}$	178 $\frac{1}{2}$	3 12 9

Industrial securities, though the market has been more active than is usual in this dulllest of all the markets, have not been much affected by the crisis, and have already recovered what they lost earlier in the week. No doubt the unexpected Coats dividend would have had more effect under quieter circumstances, but the shares have gained  $\frac{3}{4}$  at 65 $\frac{1}{2}$ . A final dividend of £2 per share, making the total dividend for the year equivalent to 30 per cent., is a very satisfactory result for the big thread "trust." Last year the dividend was only 20 per cent. and this year either the profits have enormously increased or a much smaller sum has been placed to reserve and depreciation accounts than was done twelve months ago. Last year also 30 per cent. was expected, and when only 20 per cent. was announced the shares in one day fell from 69 $\frac{1}{4}$  to 58. It is well for the reputation of the Company that the market was not disappointed again this year. The contrast with happier times in the market is illustrated by the fact that in 1897, with only the expectation of a 30 per cent. dividend, the shares rose to 69 $\frac{1}{4}$ . This year with an actual 30 per cent. they have only reached 65 $\frac{1}{2}$ .

#### NET YIELD OF INDUSTRIAL COMPANIES.

Company.	Dividend 1897. Per cent.	Price 26 Oct.	Yield per cent. £ s. d.
Bovril Deferred.....	5	8	8 0 0
Do. Ordinary .....	7	18	7 9 4
Linotype Deferred (£5)	9	7	6 8 7
National Telephone (£5)	6	58 $\frac{1}{2}$	5 17 0
Mazawattee Tea .....	8	18	5 16 4

The statutory general meeting of Westralian Jarrah Forests, Limited, was held on Wednesday last. The chairman, the Hon. Harold Finch-Hatton, expressed that strong confidence in the future of the Jarrah timber trade which appears to be generally felt by those who are acquainted with the steady growth of the industry. Nothing occurred at the meeting, however, which could be regarded as improving the prospects of this particular Company. A contractor's saw-mill, the shareholders were informed, has been purchased, and will commence working within six weeks. It is questionable whether such an acquisition will ultimately prove very beneficial, and the chairman was guilty of quite unnecessary exaggeration when he described as "a very valuable property" the small second-hand plant, for which a local railway contractor—having finished his job—has no further use. It is more to the point to be informed that first-class machinery is being shipped from this country. After this has been successfully erected and business is begun in earnest, the shareholders will have a better opportunity of judging whether their property is in competent hands and likely to prove as profitable as they expect. There can, at least, be no dispute that Jarrah wood is giving increasing satisfaction as its endurance and adaptability are tested. The readiest practical proof in London of the sterling qualities of the wood for paving purposes can be found in a comparison between the sound condition of the Jarrah wood pavement, laid down in Pall Mall three years ago, and the wretched state of the Strand, paved with deal blocks only a few weeks ago. There can be no reasonable doubt that very large profits will be made by some of the Jarrah companies; but the capital of the Westralian Jarrah Forests, Limited, as compared with its forest acreage, appears to be somewhat excessive.

South African mining shares have not suffered nearly so much from the political situation as might have been expected. The reason for this we gave last week. Instead of a large speculative account being open, as was the case at the beginning of the year, all first-class South African securities are at present held in strong hands—either by big financial houses, who know their real value and are not likely to throw them on the market at prices below their value, or (in the case of dividend-payers) by *bona-fide* investors, who cling fondly to the big dividends they receive, and are just as little likely to throw away their holdings. The Spanish-American war scare, in consequence of the speculative account open, caused a severe slump in South Africans, Rand mines, for instance, going down to 26. At the beginning of the past exciting week, though declines were marked all round, they were in no case excessive. Rand mines only went just below 30, and have already recovered a considerable part of the fall. The behaviour of this particular market in a time of crisis shows how strong is its real position, and the practical certainty that, when tranquil times come again, the prices of many shares are likely to reach a considerably higher level than they have touched for a long time. Among the shares which have remained remarkably firm since the beginning of the Fashoda trouble, and which will therefore be especially worthy of attention when the political horizon is more clear, are Mozambique and Van Ryns. Robinson Deeps are  $\frac{3}{4}$  lower on the week, and are therefore still more attractive than before. Unfortunately, owing to the failure of the Consolidated Goldfields Company to provide investors and the market with detailed information as to the profits and working costs of the mine, they are a somewhat heavy share at present, although no one who knows what are the prospects of the Company will deny that, at their present price, its shares are much undervalued.

Another deep level which is worth attentive notice is the Jumpers Deep, whose shares are at present quoted at under 5. It is true that the monthly profits at present do not in any way represent the probable profits of the future, and in this respect it resembles its neighbour, the Geldenhuis Deep. The yield per ton of ore crushed is 12 $\frac{1}{2}$  dwts., value £2 5s. This should allow an ample margin of profit; but, as a matter of fact, the declared monthly profits work out at only 8s. 3d. per



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## SUPPLEMENT.

LONDON: 29 OCTOBER, 1898.

## REVIEWS.

## THE LIFE OF EMIN PASHA.

"Emin Pasha. His Life and Work. Compiled from his Journals, Letters, Scientific Notes, and from Official Documents." By Georg Schweitzer. Westminster: Constable.

SO much has been written about Emin Pasha that one might have thought nothing remained to be disclosed. But even a cursory perusal of the memoir prepared by Mr. Schweitzer from the explorer's diary and correspondence throws much fresh light on his career and character, and helps us to understand both his successes and failures. The view, prevalent in England, that he was a mild savant, quite unfitted for the rough-and-tumble conditions of a half-barbarous society, is as far from the truth as the German glorifications of him as a hero and martyr. From boyhood upwards he was never at his ease, never himself, unless he was at a loose end. As a medical student he would work at anything except the subjects prescribed for examination. Though he obtained his M.D. degree at Berlin, he was refused admission to the State examination because he had failed to comply with the official regulations. After obtaining almost a sinecure berth in the Turkish service and being taken into the household of the Governor of Northern Albania, he became entangled with his elderly patron's young wife, and on the husband's death was in deadly peril of matrimony had he not cut the knot by escaping to Egypt. Taken up by Gordon, then Governor-General of the Soudan, he proved his ability by a successful mission to Uganda, but hardly had he begun to feel his feet when he began grumbling at his superior and evading his orders. "My hands are tied," he writes, "by Gordon's senseless order not to go further south than Dufle." He flatly disobeyed instructions, and it was only Gordon's resignation in 1879 that saved Emin from dismissal or removal to a command where he would be more easily kept under control. He was equally troublesome to Abd-el-Kader (who succeeded Gordon), and considered himself seriously aggrieved whenever his "suggestions" to the Cairo Government were not acted upon. To omit his disagreements with Mr. Stanley—as a question on which two views may be maintained—we find that, after abjuring the service of the British East Africa Company, he was equally discontented under the authority of the German Imperial Commissioner. He had been expressly instructed by Major von Wissmann not to hoist the German flag at Tabora: he promptly hoisted it. He was requested by the Deputy Commissioner to send regular reports of his expedition; having omitted to do so he complained because he received a smart official reprimand. Yet Mr. Schweitzer seems to be surprised that Wissmann recalled Emin "without having first heard his explanation." The fact was that Emin was thoroughly impracticable either as a colleague or subordinate. Not that he was jealous or conceited or actively rebellious. He was quietly wilful, and could neither be coaxed nor driven.

His ambition was to be independent in his Province, "like the Rajah of Sarawak." Nothing pleased him better than the prospect of the Egyptian Government being withdrawn and not replaced by British authority. When he had got into difficulties he welcomed the assistance of any Relief Expedition, whether English, Scotch or German, so long as he thought it meant his being supplied with arms and ammunition to maintain his post. But he had no idea of being "rescued" and taken back to Europe, chained to Mr. Stanley's triumphal car, and exhibited as an African failure. Indeed he had the best of reasons for trusting in his own influence over savage and half-savage races. He could be energetic when force was necessary, and was by no means sparing of the stick when he dealt with negroes who would stand that instrument of persuasion; but with high-spirited Arabs he was wonderfully patient. He had a rare gift of moral toleration. When he was quite aware that some chieftain was trying to cheat him, or even meditating treachery, it excited no anger or repugnance, and by

quiet persistence he generally got his own way. The only instance in which he was badly deceived was by the man who finally compassed his death. Kibonge he had regarded as a friend, and was amazed to read the written order shown by the men who cut his throat as unconcerned as they would have killed a slave. But his influence had been shattered by a fact beyond his own control. He was no longer Emin the African; he had joined the German service, and was hated as an agent of European interference with the institutions of the country. To tell the plain truth about Emin, part of his success had been due to his politic attitude towards the slave trade. It would be unjust to say that he ever encouraged that traffic, but he shut his eyes to it, and remained on intimate terms with men who practised it. So long as he was practically uncontrolled, the slavers had a useful friend in Emin. But his official expedition towards the West coincided with vigorous measures being taken by Europeans against the Arab raiders. They retaliated, as Dr. Oscar Baumann testifies, by organized murder against what they regarded as a war of extermination, and Emin was martyred for a cause which he never actively supported and does not seem to have believed in.

Such were the shortcomings of a man for whom his latest biographers claim, not without reason, that he was distinguished by "unparalleled unselfishness." And to justify this eulogy it is perhaps enough to cite his refusal to leave Equatoria until all his dependents had been provided for. When his camp at Undusuma was stricken with smallpox, he would not desert his people and leave the sick soldiers and porters to an uncertain fate. The bravery of the man was as remarkable as his patience, and it rested on the same basis—a mixture of conscientiousness and imperturbability. Nothing upset his judgment except being given orders, nothing flustered him unless it was the prospect of being thrown into contact with civilised society. Yet he loved books; the few requests he addressed to his friends in Europe were for "something to read" or materials to write with. His letters show how much he delighted in intercourse with cultivated minds, and when, after years of silence, he resumed correspondence with his sister, it became evident that his domestic affections were by no means confined to the daughter of his Abyssinian wife. He did not wrap himself up in his African surroundings, but European life and thought were things he preferred to enjoy from a distance. It has been stated and denied that he abjured Christianity and became a Mussulman. For either view his own authority can be quoted. More than once he assured his sister that he had not changed his faith, yet in Turkey and in Egypt he practised the observances as he bore the name of a Moslem. And he allowed King M'tesa of Uganda to accept him as a Mussulman. That interesting potentate was at the time of Emin's first visit a devout Christian. "My dear friend," he writes to Emin, "hear what I say I am Christian and be thou Christian first I was the Mehamedans and find it is all Cie and nows I am away from them I am among the Christianitys and e Jank the people that how is among the Christian but I myself am Christian from Mtesa King of Uganda." Yet at this particular time Emin had every motive for disavowing Mohammedanism, since M'tesa was somewhat aggrieved that Gordon had apparently sent him a Turkish instead of a Christian envoy. The truth probably is that Emin, born of Jewish blood, baptized as a Protestant, partly educated in a Roman Catholic school, and living amongst Mussulmans and Pagans, was serenely indifferent to all creeds, and assumed the one which was least likely to cause needless friction. His thoughts were occupied with other matters. The one thing that filled his life and gave him all the pleasure he enjoyed was the pursuit of science.

Emin was, no doubt, a traveller, a governor of men, an agent of civilisation; in some respects, and with ideals which were practical rather than exalted, he was a philanthropist. But these were secondary matters to him—the work which has hitherto made his fame was but a paragon. No matter what hardships he was enduring on the march, or what perils surrounded his camp, his chief care was to make observations of nature and to collect specimens. And the scope of his inquiry

was as wide as natural history and human nature. If he came across an unknown tribe, almost his first thought was to note their physical characteristics and to find their place in ethnology, to prepare a vocabulary of their words in common use and to inquire into their traditions. Every new species of plant was gathered for his travelling *herbarium siccum*, and the skin of each strange bird was preserved for European museums. Every night he brought his scientific journal up to date; on the day before he was murdered we find it recorded that the glass was "rising very rapidly." He is quite as much concerned—it will be seen from his letters—that his consignments of ornithological and botanical specimens should reach their destination in Europe as that his personal needs should be provided for. And the huge parcels which he dispatched to the coast were always arranged in the most methodical manner, while his written observations were distinguished for their scrupulous exactitude. He did not live to formulate—perhaps he never could have formulated—the inferences from the vast mass of data with which he has enriched European science. But the value of his life's work cannot be estimated until the twelve volumes of scientific notes, with seven others on African institutions, have been edited and made available for general study. No wonder that a man so engrossed in abstract speculation should have looked with almost equal disdain on the competing groups of English and German adventurers who, under plea of rescuing him, wished to monopolise his services as a famous administrator and make use of his influence with Arabs and negroes. He did Sir William Mackinnon and Mr. Stanley less justice when he described the famous Relief Expedition as a huge ivory hunt, but he was scarcely more complimentary to his own countrymen when he made closer acquaintance with their objects and methods. It was at this time that England and Germany were hotly occupied in the struggle for Central Africa, especially for Uganda, and Emin's loyal assistance would have been invaluable to either. As it happened, England won the game, Stanley having outwitted both Wissmann and Peters. The bitterness left by the German failure finds frequent and inartistic expression in Mr. Schweitzer's book. Many pages are, in fact, so like an anti-British pamphlet that the English publishers have thought well to include a reply by Mr. Felkin of Edinburgh. Thus we get both sides of a not very edifying dispute, which would, perhaps, have been better omitted from what should have been a cool and impartial biography. Nevertheless, the work has been conscientiously and skilfully compiled; the matter is interesting; and the translation is practically faultless.

#### THE YAHOO OF TIBET.

"In the Forbidden Land." By A. Henry Savage Landor. London: Heinemann.

MANY years ago Mr. (now Sir Halliday) Macartney formed the resolution to make a journey through Tibet. He was peculiarly fitted for the undertaking. A sixteen years' residence in China amongst the Chinese as one of themselves, through holding an official position under the Chinese Government, had qualified him with a thorough knowledge of Chinese and an intimate acquaintance with the peculiar customs of the Far East. Equipped with these advantages, and trusting to his readiness of address, Mr. Macartney felt confident of success. If such a hazardous enterprise could be crowned with a prosperous issue, it would be when undertaken under such favourable conditions. Burton reached Mecca because he was able to conceal his European identity by means of his Oriental scholarship and his complete cognisance of Eastern customs. It is not unlikely, therefore, that Sir Halliday Macartney would have penetrated as far as Lhasa, if the murder of Mr. Margary on the Burmese frontier had not necessitated his undertaking a diplomatic mission to London, and the consequent abandonment of his project. But the difficulties in the case of Mr. Savage Landor were almost insuperable. He was debarred at the outset from making use of those stratagems which might have secured for a more experienced traveller the successful attainment of his object. Rumours of a



white *sahib's* intended expedition quickly preceded him, and warned the Tibetan authorities of the stranger's intrusion. He was able, it is true, to pass himself off on several occasions as a Hindoo doctor on a pilgrimage to the sacred Mansarowar Lake. But for the actual entry into Lhasa, the sacred city, he could only devise the desperate expedient of adopting Tibetan dress and pretending to be deaf and dumb. It is perhaps well for Mr. Landor that the test of this wild experiment was prevented by his capture and arrest, as his ignorance of local habits must eventually have betrayed him, with the certain consequence that his life would have been sacrificed to the fury of the Lamas.

The geographical importance of Mr. Landor's expedition is scarcely of much account; but the ethnological information that he has brought back with him is of the greatest possible interest. It is a narrative so strange and bordering so often on the incredible, that the indisputable evidence of the camera and the support of the testimony elicited by the official inquiry into his ill-treatment are useful factors in substantiating Mr. Landor's extraordinary story. Its main outline has been in the possession of the reading public for so long, that the details of Mr. Landor's journey and its accompanying hardships need not be dwelt upon. There is no reason to doubt that the author has given a plain straightforward account of his treatment when taken prisoner. But it is clear from the context that the Tibetan authorities at Galshio had more intention of frightening Mr. Landor, and thereby discouraging further intrusion on the part of foreigners, than of actually inflicting upon him permanent bodily injury. In saying this, we do not wish to detract either from the great sufferings endured by the author or from the heroic fortitude with which he bore them. He was actually and cruelly tortured. A glance at the accompanying photographs, in which Mr. Landor is depicted before and after his Tibetan experiences, would show the most sceptical the appalling effects of all the pain and hardship through which he had passed.

A more miserable and contemptible people than the inhabitants of South-western Tibet, as described by the author, it would be impossible to conceive. It is only necessary for one man to show a bold front, in order to rout a whole regiment of soldiers. "The mere raising of one's eyes was sufficient to make a man dash away frightened," Mr. Landor remarks, after visiting a large Tibetan encampment with only four followers. They possess, in fact, many of the characteristics of Scotch cattle: the same fierce, shaggy, wild appearance, and an equal proportion of abject timidity. On one occasion Mr. Landor pelted some Tibetan officers, who used threatening words, with the butter and flour they had brought as presents; and the terror inspired by these missiles was quite enough to cause a general stampede. The Lamas form a privileged half of the male population; and it is their policy to maintain the populace, on whom they practise every kind of extortion, in complete ignorance. Much of the immorality and disease in Tibet Mr. Landor ascribes to the small proportion of women, who are outnumbered by the males to the extent of more than fifteen to one. Polyandry is of course widely prevalent; and when a Tibetan girl marries she becomes the wife, not only of her husband, but of all his brothers into the bargain. These strange marriage complications are, however, entirely thrown into the shade by the horrible habits of cannibalism which are ascribed to the population by the author. Incredible as it may sound, he declares that it is a Tibetan custom, founded apparently on superstition rather than *gourmandise*, for corpses to be eaten up by the friends and relatives of the deceased. In cases of death occurring from some pestilential disease, this nauseating task is handed over to the Lamas, who will sit down and devour the disgusting meal from which even birds of prey and famished dogs shrink in horror. The Lamas are also said to drink human blood on account of its invigorating and brain-feeding qualities.

Mr. Landor does not mention having personally witnessed these abominations. He often alludes to the humour possessed by the Tibetans, and we cannot help thinking that some native humourist was pulling the white *sahib's* leg in making such statements. The Lamas possess supreme authority, and are sufficiently

clever to disbelieve the absurd superstitions by which they hold the people in check, and it is incredible that they should permit a custom by which they themselves are chiefly victimised. We should require stronger evidence than hearsay before accepting the Lama menu described by Mr. Landor. However that may be, the author is to be congratulated on having completed a record of his journey under circumstances of almost insurmountable difficulty, the value of the book being greatly enhanced by characteristic and cleverly executed illustrations.

#### FOLK-LORE POPULARISED.

"Tom Tit Tot. An Essay on Savage Philosophy in Folk-lore." By Edward Clodd. London: Duckworth.

THE fantastic title which Mr. Clodd has given to his latest treatise on Folk-lore is taken from the story—current in West Suffolk and in variant forms extant in Scotland, Tyrol, the Basque Provinces and the Far East—which he makes the pivot of an elaborate argument. The demon in this legend, as in most of its analogues, attempts to take advantage of a lady in distress, her only means of escape being that she shall guess his name. At the last moment the knowledge is obtained and the tormentor is discomfited. This is how the happy climax is related in the local dialect: "Well, she backed a step or two, an' she looked at it, an' then she laughed out, and, says she, a pointin' of her finger at it,

'Nimmy nimmy not,  
Yar name's Tom Tit Tot.'

Well, when that heard her, that shruck awful, an' awa' that flew into the dark, an' she niver saw it noo more." It is easy work for Mr. Clodd, from his vast store of mythic data, and with his keen eye for resemblances among legends, to adduce a large number of popular stories which—to speak roughly—turn on the notion of outwitting the devil by the mysterious power of some occult word. "Ideas," he says, "are universal: incidents are local." When the coincidence extends to minute details, he argues that a common origin may be taken as established, and as going to prove intercourse among the peoples exhibiting such similarities in tradition. But an independent origin is probable where only the central motif is alike, while the settings are various. The criterion is, therefore, one of degree, nor could it be more judiciously explained than by Mr. Clodd. But how does he apply it?

It is impossible, in reading his fascinating chapters, not to admire the skill with which he has grouped his examples. At the first glance they seem to have been collected haphazard and dropped down anywhere. Presently you realise that they have been artfully graduated, and you have an uneasy feeling that you have been induced, by a series of infinitesimal shadings, to infer that black is white. That is too often the way of the folk-lorists, the anthropologists, and all the other theorists on prehistoric society. There is so little solid fact with such an intolerable quantity of subjective reconstruction. It is difficult to check their inferences, while the nature of their study makes it almost impossible to produce an *instantia negativa*. You cannot say right out "This statement is wrong," or "That conclusion is false." All you can do is to measure the solid ground by comparison with the amplitude of the gaps which you are asked to bridge over. And you may also remember that other equally plausible theories about remote mankind, which were once hailed as luminous discoveries, have gone the way of last season's fiction. Professor Max Müller, with his *Solar Elements*, has lived to see himself dismissed by Mr. Clodd as belonging to "an old and now discredited school of interpreters." But does the method exemplified by his critics—the method of Herbert Spencer and Tylor, of Mr. Frazer and Mr. Clodd—approach, in any appreciable degree, more closely to anything which can be called a scientific system? It is all very interesting, very clever, very erudite; and all these qualities are found in Mr. Clodd's writings. But he is the more delusive because he appears so simple and sober-minded.

We get his measure as an examiner of evidence in his acceptance of Professor Rhys's etymological specu-

lations as showing that among the Aryan nations there was a common origin for the words denoting *name* and *soul* in the various languages. Here are the instances: *ainm* with plural *anmann* in Irish; *anu* in Old Welsh, now *enw*; *ime* in Old Bulgarian; *emnes*, *emmens*, with accusative *emnan* in Old Russian; and *anvan* in Armenian. All these are for *name*. Not because he has any misgivings himself, but in deference to less adventurous scholars, the Professor forbears from increasing his list by the English *name*, the Latin *nomen*, the Sanskrit *nāman*, and the Greek *onoma*. But such is the similarity between the Welsh *enw* for *name* and *enaid* for *soul*, and between the Irish *ainm* and *anim* (which in the latter case extends through the declensions of the two words), that he feels forced to conclude that the Celts—if not the whole Aryan family—believed not only that the name was part of the man, but also “that part of him which is termed the soul.” If this is proof, what is jumping to conclusions? And if Mr. Clodd thinks that his main thesis is corroborated by fallacies obvious to quite ordinary scholars, how are we to rate his judgment on matters in which we are asked to accept him as an expert?

We read him all the same, and enjoy his arguments because—the love of fairy-tales being part of human nature—his instances are attractive; because his style is suggestive and stimulating; because we know that he is absolutely conscientious and never doctors the evidence he puts forward. Generally he displays all the adroitness of a sincere believer. Now and then he gives us a shock, as when, by a modern instance which we can all estimate, he makes us suspect the examples which we cannot so easily examine. In the chapter on “Taboo” he mentions very many cases in which it is believed that a sick man by changing his name increases his chance of recovery—perhaps as a means of deceiving the evil spirits who are compassing his death. We are taken to Borneo, to Lapland, to the Kwafra Indians, and to the ancient Jewish Rabbis. Then with a jump we are landed at Hastings, and are told a pretty story which has been vouched for by a Clerk in Holy Orders. A married couple had a daughter named Helen, who sickened and died. The next was christened in the same way and met a similar fate. This warning was neglected, but was once again justified in a third instance. “No wonder,” the neighbours said; “it was because the parents had used the first child’s name for the others.” And this is seriously quoted as strengthening a scientific argument. There is a difference—if the folk-lore people could only see it—between mythic research and telling stories over the walnuts and the wine. Mr. Clodd, we admit, is not in this respect a conspicuous offender. There is solid matter, carefully arranged, throughout a book which is, he tells us, mainly designed for popular reading.

The chapters which strike us as most effective and convincing have, perhaps, the least connexion with the main argument of the book—those on Magic through Tangible Things and Magic through Intangible Things. Lest we should deter any reader in search of mere entertainment from taking up “Tom Tit Tot,” we should say that its pages abound with curious and racy passages, as, for instance, on the virtues of expectoration. Among ourselves, Mr. Clodd remarks, with the dry humour which he seems to have cultivated, it is “a vehicle of the coarsest form of assault,” except where it is preserved by the cabman or costermonger as “a degenerate representative of the old luck-charm” in spitting on a coin. But in some barbaric races it is used to express the kindest feelings and the highest compliment. An American lady appears to have written a monograph under the pleasing title of “Saliva Superstitions,” and Consul Petherick mentions that a Sudanese Chief after grasping his hand spat in it, and then did the like to his face. This salute the Consul “returned with interest,” and the Chief was vastly delighted. Among the Masai, again, it is thought very bad form to kiss a lady, but to spit on her is a polite attention. Another of the incidents of this form of relief is that it absolves a person from the spiritual consequences of perjury, as was shown in a recent notorious trial at Philippopolis. For the sake of those engaged in the administration of justice we sincerely trust that this engaging superstition may not find a home in

British Courts of Law. Apart from its lighter side, enough has been quoted to show that Mr. Clodd’s book is well worth serious study even by those who do not quite accept his estimate of Folk-lore achievement—that a “teeming mass of facts” has been collected which establish the psychical, as well as the physical, unity of Man, and that at the same intellectual level—however wide the zones which separate the different tribes—they “explain the same phenomena in much the same way.” This is one of those propositions which can neither be established nor refuted. If you quote two discordant “explanations,” the reply is that the “intellectual level” is not identical. *Cadit quæstio*.

#### OLD NATIONAL IDEALS.

“Ancient Ideals.” A Study of Intellectual and Spiritual Growth from Early Times to the Establishment of Christianity. Two volumes. By Henry Osborn Taylor. Putnam: New York and London.

WE always open any book from America with a peculiar interest. It is not that we necessarily expect to find any great contribution to thought in its pages, for the new world has been singularly barren in productions of literary value, but because any indication of what a great people, a people with a future before it, is thinking or attempting cannot fail to impress us with a sense of its importance. Especially, perhaps, is this the case in theology. The fusion of races that draws from so many ancient civilisations may some day show to the world an expression of the religious life that at present runs in so many varied and narrow channels, and prove a harmony of the many-sided Christian faith and a more perfect presentation of the mind of its Master than any of the ancient European churches have yet offered. Mr. H. O. Taylor does not disappoint us. He shows a full consciousness of the position of the American people, and treats the subject of the ideals of past races with the wide outlook that extensive reading alone can give. He has certain irritating tricks of manner, such as that of constantly putting his subject after the verb, but we soon lose sight of them in our interest in what he has to say. At the beginning of each chapter we notice these defects, but as he writes his pen seems to move more freely, which is no small testimony to the power of his work in exciting interest.

The subject he has chosen is that of the ideals of the great nations of the past, and by choosing their ideals as the most important thing about them, he has made history a survey of man in his contrast of unchanging and diversified characteristics. The superficial student of the past is always puzzled by the spectacle of so many great races reaching a high standard of civilisation, and then, having gone so far, failing to go further. Mr. Taylor shows in turn how Egypt, Chaldea, Assyria, China, India, Persia, and Phœnicia failed because elements of savagery or defects of certain qualities rendered incomplete their conceptions of personality. Races have been great in proportion as their ideals of man were deep and noble. At a time when poets tell us fortune has favoured us most “when we forgot,” it is useful to be made to realise how the greatness of Rome depended on her moral force, and in an age that is haunted by the yellow terror we like to be reminded how Greece proved invincible though so small.

The second volume is mainly occupied with the ideals of the race from which Christianity sprang. The long history of that preparation, ever since the Church has thought, has made men ask, “Why did not Christ come before?” A careful and sympathetic study of the slow development of the Hebrew religion seems to make the question impertinent, and not the least thing we owe to the scientific study of the Old Testament is that it has relieved us from the hopeless feeling that the world makes no advance, but has rather gone back continuously since the days when God spoke to Abraham. A wide survey of the greatest ideals of ancient races not only serves to show the crowning greatness of the Christian ideal, but equally clearly reveals it as essentially progressive, because it loses nothing from the past. It is this impression of hope which makes Mr. Taylor’s work not only interesting but inspiring.



## "GODFRIDA."

"Godfrida." A Play in Four Acts. By John Davidson. London: Lane.

AMONG the poets of the younger school, two only have shown any aptitude for the drama—Mr. Davidson and Mr. Yeats. In the latter the faculty is largely a lyrical and fantastic one, but the author of "Godfrida" has an ambition to fill the conventional stage with poetical creations. His first work was a historical tragedy, and it was a pastoral comedy, "Scaramouch in Naxos," which revealed his talent, nine years ago, to the few eyes which can see within a ray of unfamiliar light. It is not to be denied that Mr. Davidson showed in these and other early plays of his an inequality of execution which checked in the reader the full flow of appreciation. There is something very perilous about a poetical drama. It may be adroitly conceived, spiritedly written, and yet in a moment it may sink with us into the very pit of depression of spirits. Alphonse Daudet says somewhere of a play that it had every merit, but that "unfortunately it was written in verse, and ennui stalked between the couplets." Of the majority of modern plays in blank verse we should confess, if we were perfectly frank, that they contain more or fewer fine passages, but that, as a whole, they are most depressing to read. It is this, no doubt, that has driven so many poets, like Ibsen and Maeterlinck, who were meant to write in verse, to protect themselves in prose.

Mr. Davidson has evidently felt this, but he is not content to abandon the poet's vehicle. He is perfectly right, since the poet-dramatist has only to discover a way to be as interesting in verse as in prose, for the dramas written in prose to sink into the second rank. If ennui can be hunted, like vermin, right out of our fields of wheat, corn is better than cabbages. Mr. Davidson has certainly observed how much more skilful the French have been in the nineteenth century than we since the seventeenth, in the practical conduct of a poetical play. They have not been subjected to the sub-Elizabethan, or rather sub-Jacobean, influences which have been so deadly with us. Shakespeare is always found to be practically inimitable, and therefore English romantic dramatists have based themselves upon his followers. The trick began soon after the Restoration; it was not Shakespeare who was copied, it was Fletcher, it was Shirley, it was the "sons" of Ben Jonson. The sub-Jacobean tradition has been fatal to us, and to this day the youth who "composes a tragedy on a Shakespearean model" is really engaged in forging what might pass as a very poor example of Massinger. The French have never had this bias. They cast off their romantic drama completely early in the seventeenth century, before it had attained a commanding height. When they became romantic again, they had the sensible structure of their drama firmly fixed; all they had to do was to cover it with ornament. We believe that Mr. Davidson benefited practically by the task he set himself of translating into blank verse the "Pour la Couronne" of M. Coppée. This was an experience which freed him from the Massinger dulness and the Shirley looseness.

If growth is the healthiest sign in a poet's constitution, the reading of "Godfrida" should give pleasure to Mr. Davidson's friends. The progress is two-fold, the faults are fewer, the fine qualities are more abundant. We doubt if Mr. Davidson has written anything which lends itself less than "Godfrida" to minute and carping exception. In his past work he has often distressed his most serious admirers by his inequality, the slovenly character of his intermediate passages. He has been a genius by fits and starts; but he has seemed to be the victim of a sort of impetuous and defective improvisation, too often not purged by clearness of imagination from errors of judgment, and even positive flatness. In "Godfrida" we are glad to find Mr. Davidson on a much higher plane of general execution. The verse, although very properly burnished and tuned at moments of high emotion, does not sink at other times below a distinguished level. "Godfrida" is full of beautiful cadences, which linger in the memory, and yet it is singularly free from preciosity.

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danger of the English play in verse. Euphemistic references to birds, beasts and minerals, illustrations from remote and mystic sciences, purple patches of all sorts, are thought to enhance the value of the chamber-drama. In this kind of play-writing Beddoes showed the greatest talent, and is therefore the most conspicuous helot. Whatever Beddoes did best the young English dramatist should admire,—and scrupulously avoid. We observe that the absence of preciousity in "Godfrida," and the introduction of certain popular ejaculations into the verse, has already roused some critical objections. The reviewers who object to these qualities have a false idea wherein the dignity of dramatic verse consists. There is no more aristocratic writer in literature than Racine; but he knows the proper moment at which to say, "Néron, j'ai deux mots à vous dire," or "Narcisse a fait le coup," and what is interesting is, that it was precisely the courage of Racine in using these brutalities of speech at the right moments, which distinguished him from the Quinaults and Boursaults, who had to be always keeping up their tragical dignity. Let Mr. Davidson continue, where the character and the situation demand it, to make his conspirators say, "But why the devil, then, is Cyprian late?"

The drama in English with which it is most natural to compare "Godfrida" is Browning's "Colombe's Birthday." In each there is the kind of fairy sovereignty, set in Central Europe anywhere before the Thirty Years' War, and only just so mediæval as is convenient to the dramatist; in each there is the great, lonely lady, in whom the hereditary passion for power contends with the instinct of love; in each (is this unconscious cerebration?) there is a Berthold and a Melchior among the persons. Here resemblance ceases, although the newer poem may hold its own in a comparison with the older masterpiece. Indeed, in one respect Mr. Davidson seems to us to possess an unquestionable advantage. Browning's play is full of exquisite and subtle things, but they are too rapidly conceived for use on the stage. The audience would fail to overhear them, and would go away muddled and perplexed. "Godfrida" is not so psychological, but it has a greater lucidity and simplicity. There is nothing in it which an attentive audience could not follow with pleasure. We hope to see it acted, and the only doubt we have as to its success is the difficulty which must be met with in finding actors willing and able to fill the important parts of Isembert and Siward and Ermengarde, where the centre of popular interest must always be the heroine herself.

#### BAROTSE-LAND.

"Au Pays des Ba-rotsi, Haut Zambèze." By Alfred Bertrand. Paris: Hachette.

THE Barotse country in the Upper Zambesi was first explored by Livingstone in 1853, during his great trans-African journey. It has been subsequently visited by Holub, Serpo Pinto, Selous and other travellers. In 1895 it was traversed by an Anglo-Swiss expedition, which has already added considerably to the list of literature in the country. As this expedition has been previously described in a book by Captain Gibbons and in papers read to the Geographical Society and Colonial Institute, we cannot expect much additional information from M. Bertrand's handsome volume. The book is written in the style of a daily narrative, and consists in the main of extracts from the author's journal. It takes us through the whole journey, both beginning and ending at Southampton. In South Africa the route followed was from Cape Town to Mafeking (which, by the bye, is not in the Transvaal), and thence along an oft-traversed route to Kazungulu, at the junction of the Linyanti and Zambesi. There the expedition divided; M. Bertrand accompanied Mr. P. C. Reid up the Machili river, from the sources of which he continued westward alone, along a new route, to the present Barotse capital of Lialui. Thence he descended the Zambesi in canoe, and visited the Victoria Falls. He reached Johannesburg just before the Jameson raid, concerning which his exaggerated statements are inexcusable in face of the sworn evidence of the trials. The best feature in the book is its illustrations, most of which are from drawings based on the author's photographs; in a few cases,

however, the artist's imagination has been allowed free scope, with the usual results. There is, for example, a quaint picture of the author and Mr. Reid determining their latitude from a starry firmament, which suggests that at the creation the stars were scattered through space from a pepper-pot. The figures illustrating the domestic implements and wood-carving of the Barotse are admirable, and are the most important information in the volume. There are two excellent maps, the better of which has been reprinted from the "Geographical Journal"; it contains, however, a few misprints; thus the observation point of 14 September should be latitude 15° 43', not 14° 43'. M. Bertrand saw a good deal of the missionaries, and speaks of their work in terms of high praise; and after a recent attack on Khama, it may be interesting to note that he gives that ruler a good character. But M. Bertrand is obviously one of the most amiable of travellers, and his universal charity makes his book pleasant reading, although it adds but little to our knowledge of the country it describes.

#### FICTION.

"The Light." By Bernard Hamilton. London: Hurst.

THIS is a quite extraordinarily pathetic effort. Hardly a reviewer with a human heart will feel it in that heart to dismiss the thing with the few lines that are all its artistic quality as a work of fiction can demand. "During a period of at least five years," says the author, "I have melted an enormous amount of matter in the crucible of comparison." The result is another "enormous amount"—no less than 523 pages of smallish print, purporting to be a romance, but in reality a desperately earnest, quite intelligent, exhaustive and exhausting bit of pleading for the purging of the Church of England of her errors, in particular of the Jehovah worship as opposed to the following of Christ. We are taken first to ancient Egypt. Under the heading "Yesterday," a flood of creditably mastered and presented facts as to the Prophets of Amen, the real Moses, and other matters is let loose upon us. Then comes "To-day," which comprises all the rest of the book, the central figure thereof being practically Mr. Bernard Hamilton, bursting with his praiseworthy, if not startlingly novel point of view. Orthodoxy is brought upon the scene on purpose to advance singularly halting arguments, and to receive telling answers. After "Yesterday" and "To-day" Mr. Hamilton represses his longing to proceed with "For ever," but gives us a good deal more argument in an appendix, some gratifying information in a glossary, some more under the heading of Miscellaneous Notes, and finally, a pamphlet, naked and unashamed, called "The Christian Church in England at the close of the Nineteenth Century." This is how the book ends. It begins with a dedication of these stupendous "first-fruits" to Mr. Hamilton's wife; goes on with twelve lines from Hiawatha; runs to a lengthy preface, and then to a note, which states that all the portions of the tale which do not interfere with the action, and are solely concerned with religious matters, are marked with an asterisk at their beginning and their close. "This," says Mr. Hamilton, "may possibly incur the criticism of the captious." It does not incur ours. We delighted in every asterisk, and heartily recommend the idea to many writers we could name. Moreover, it had the effect of the sandwich-man's "Don't look at my back." We took a fierce pride in reading past the asterisk.

The book is impossible, of course, regarded as a civilised novel. It would stun all except the truly earnest Girton girl or youth with doubts as to taking orders. The frivolous, whom Mr. Hamilton evidently wants to catch, will be terrified by the Egyptian part; the really orthodox will read no further than the preface; and the "intelligent thinker" got to the author's standpoint during his first year at the University, though his route may not have been Egypt and the Nile of B.C. 1300. There are twenty illustrations, some very clever, by Maurice Greiffenhagen, others from the author's photographs and maps. There is also a little music; in fact, it is difficult to say what there is not, unless it be a solitary flash of humour.

"Jane Follett," by George Wemyss (Macqueen), has



a suggestion of "East Lynne" about its plot. The idea is a little far-fetched, but so well worked out as to be very successfully dramatic. Only one thing irritated us profoundly; it must have sprung either from the dictation of the MS. to some almost illiterate person or from shamelessly careless proof-correction. We mean the existence of sentences like this, that suddenly begin about half-way through the book and go on steadily to the end. "... The voluminous sleeves, all puffs and frills. A work of art in themselves alone. Rippled away and re-rippled. And circled into minute eddies," &c. It is a nightmare of full stops, and it occurs and recurs till the last page. "At the strange sadness exhibited in the manner of the schoolmistress. Pete lingered till the last, wondering and subdued." The commas begin to act quite as erratically sometimes, and thrust themselves in where they are not wanted in the least. It would be quite worth Mr. Wemyss' while to punctuate so good a novel on saner lines.

There is less than the author's usual originality about "The Impediment," by Dorothea Gerard (Blackwood). Her books stand on very different levels; perhaps this one has reached the lowest. It is no whit worse than the average run of novels; needless to say, it is better than the bad ones. But there is a commonplaceness about the whole thing. Beyond the one supreme effort of giving one of her heroes a missing eye, if the expression be not Hibernian, Madame Longard de Longarde has carefully avoided originality of any sort. One knows so well the sentimental "scruple" that seems an insurmountable obstacle to the woman of fiction who wishes to torment her lover. One knows too—how tiresomely well!—that, let another woman come upon the scene, and let the precious "scruple" be respected, there will at once be a toy tragedy, with cautious tearing of hair. The other woman will, as a rule, nobly sacrifice herself as soon as she discovers that, scruples notwithstanding, her fiancé and Lady Number One are sighing and dying for one another. She does so here, and what is "Dorothea Gerard" about in this well-worn rut?

#### NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"Footprints of the Apostles as Traced by St. Luke." By H. M. Luckock, D.D., Dean of Lichfield. London: Longmans.

AS long as the chief resource of the Church of England on special occasions is to add an address or sermon to the ordinary service, anything that will relieve the clergy from constant talking, and patient and devout people from boredom, is sure of a welcome. For this purpose these short addresses are admirably suited, but books of sermons are seldom satisfactory to read. Each must be wound up to time; even in full-length discourses it is difficult to leave off well, but here the little exhortations at the end of each exposition become as irritating as an irregularly tolling bell. The mechanism of pious expression is too obvious in print.

It seems natural that a work on the Acts of the Apostles should be in two volumes, and the detailed treatment of each section leaves an impression of care. Nothing has been left out, even if nothing is there that we did not know already, but we think the author did better in his book, "Studies in the History of the Book of Common Prayer," where he was thrown more on himself. He is pre-Darwinian in his conception of growth as mere expansion, and hardly seems to distinguish what was no doubt involved in the constitution of the primitive Church, from its later development. His readers, however, cannot fail to profit by having their attention bent to the study of its beginnings, and the popularity of his former works is a guarantee that those readers will be many.

"His Divine Majesty." By Fr. Humphrey, S.J. London: Baker.

The characteristic note of Roman Catholic theology appears even more strikingly when we compare rival methods of treating doctrines which we hold in common than when contrasting definitely opposed dogmas. What does in Latin doesn't do in English. When the Council of Trent formally committed the Papal Church to the teaching of Aquinas as her official theology, she bound herself to a philosophy that was of an age now past. That scholasticism might be both fascinating and beautiful was proved by Dante; that its spirit is not dead such a work as the present is a proof, but we cannot help feeling that a mind trained in such a school must live in a world apart. We find in Fr. Humphrey's book both the merits and the limitations of mediæval methods. It is marked by the same thoroughness that aimed at universal dominion over the realms of thought; it does not hesitate to tell us the exact nature of the life after death about which Christ was silent; it has no mistrust of its

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Rietfontein A. ....	35	1½	30	16½
Henry Nourse (2) .....	150	9½	12	14
Van Ryn .....	40	2	12	13
Comet .....	50	3½	18	12
Glencairn .....	35	1½	11	11½
Ferreira .....	350	23	17	11
City and Suburban (3) ..	15	5	17	9
Jumpers (4) .....	80	5½	8	8
Robinson (3) .....	20	8	16	7
Rodepoort United ...	50	4½	15	7
Heriot .....	100	7½	12	7
Meyer and Charlton ...	70	4½	10	7
Treasury (5) .....	12½	3½	13	6
Crown Reef (6) .....	200	14½	8	6
Princess .....	15	1½	20(?)	6
Ginsberg .....	50	3	8	5
Wemmer .....	150	10½	10	5
Primrose .....	60	4½	10	5
Langlaagte Estate ...	30	3	15	5
Geldenhuis Main Reef	10	9	6	4
Durban Rodepoort ...	80	5½	9	4
Wolhuter (4) .....	10	5	40	1
Angelo .....	75	6	8(7)	1
May Consolidated .....	35	3½	9	½
Geldenhuis Estate .....	100	7½	7	0
Jubilee (8) .....	75	10½	8	0
Worcester .....	60	2½	4	0

(1) Owns 37 D.L. claims, estimated value equivalent to £10 10s. per share. (2) 42 deep-level claims, estimated value equivalent to £2 per share. (3) £5 shares. (4) 52 D.L. claims, estimated value equivalent to £1 per share. (5) £4 shares. (6) 51½ deep-level claims, estimated value equivalent to £2 10s. per share, and 47 water-right claims. (7) Poorer North Reef Ore not taken into account. (8) 18 D.L. claims, estimated value equivalent to £4 per share.

#### DEEP LEVELS.

Company.	Estimated Dividends.	Price, 26 Oct.	Life of Mine.	Pro- bable Net Yield.
	Per Cent.		Years.	Per Cent.
*Robinson Deep .....	200	9½	20	17
*Durban Deep (1) .....	50	3½	15	14
*Nourse Deep .....	60	5½	43	10
*Crown Deep .....	200	14½	16	9
*Rose Deep .....	105	8½	15	8
*Jumpers Deep .....	40	4½	36	7
*Village Main Reef (2) ...	75	6½	13	7
*Geldenhuis Deep .....	70(3)	9½	23	4
*Bonanza .....	108(3)	4½	5	3
*Glen Deep .....	18	3½	25	3
*Simmer and Jack .....	4½(3)	4½(4)	30	3
Langlaagte Deep .....	21	2½	15	2

The mines marked thus \* are already at work. (1) Owns 24,000 Rodepoort Central Deep shares, value £36,000, and will probably sell sixty or seventy claims at a price equivalent to £1 per share. (2) Owns 25,000 Wemmer shares, value equivalent to £1 per share. (3) Calculated on actual profits of working. (4) £5 shares.

#### NEW ISSUES.

##### HENRY BULL & CO., LIMITED.

With a capital of £210,000, divided into 5 per cent. cumulative Preference and Ordinary shares of £1 each, Henry Bull & Co. has been formed to carry on the business of warehousemen in Sydney and London. The business was established in 1872, and the accountant's certificate for the past four years states that the profits have averaged £18,081 per annum. The purchase price asked is £178,000; of this amount £70,000 is payable in equal proportions of Ordinary and Preference shares, and the balance in cash. It is stated in the prospectus that the employees and friends have applied for £40,000 of the total issue, and this amount the Company will allot to them in full. The object of the present issue is to provide £32,000 additional working capital, and with this advantage the directors expect to materially increase the average rate of profits. The business, which seems a fairly remunerative one, will probably appeal more to those directly interested in the trade than to the general public.

##### SCOTTISH COROMANDEL CORPORATION, LIMITED.

The Scottish Coromandel Corporation is formed to acquire, from the Coromandel Freehold Company, a gold-mining property at Tiki in the Hauraki district of New Zealand. The capital is £175,000 in £1 shares, of which 45,000 are offered to the public; 20,000 are reserved for future issue. The purchase price asked is £135,000, payable as to £15,000 in cash, £10,000 in cash or shares at the option of the vendors, and £110,000 in fully-paid shares. Mr. Caddell in his report states that "many good reefs have been discovered," and he considers that, as the Hauraki Mine was crushing stone averaging 15 ozs. per ton at a profit of about £8000 per month, there is no reason why this property (three miles distant) with a much larger area should not be developed with equally good results. There is no further information contained in the report beyond this. The directors, the prospectus goes on to say, before bringing the Company before the public, supplied sufficient capital to carry out certain developments; but it does not seem quite clear what the results of this development have been; nor is the amount of this capital stated.

##### THE LONDON AND NORTHERN BANK, LIMITED.

The London and Northern Bank invite subscriptions for 25,000 five per cent. cumulative Preference and 25,000 Ordinary shares of £10 each, upon which it is intended to call up only £2 10s. per share, and of the balance £4 per share is constituted a reserve liability. The capital of this new bank, which is really an amalgamation with the Leeds Joint Stock Bank, is £200,000 in proportions of 25,000 Preference and 175,000 Ordinary shares. The Leeds Joint Stock Bank has been in existence for seven years and its nominal capital is £400,000 of which £300,000 has been subscribed. Its connexion with Leeds and Yorkshire generally is a sound one, and the profits have been steadily increasing. This new enterprise will follow the same policy of many of the other leading banks, namely that of steadily absorbing other smaller banks, and particularly in the commercial centres of the Midland Counties and the North of England. Negotiations, says the prospectus, are in progress for the acquisition of other banking undertakings. Further on it states, very truly, that there is at present little inducement to purchase bank shares owing to the high prices at which they stand. The price to be paid for the Leeds Joint Stock Bank is equal to the sum of £9 10s. per share.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

E. F. T. (Leicester).—We cannot find any trace of the Company you mention. If you know the name of the liquidator write to him for information.

J. N.—(1) Yes. (2) The Company is sound and pays good dividends. (3) Present price quite high enough.

MINER (Brockenhurst).—The sorting arrangements are not yet completed. When thorough sorting is possible the profits are likely to increase materially.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## THE LATEST SHAKESPEAREAN CRITIC:

MR. A. B. WALKLEY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—I am a regular reader of both the "Saturday Review" and the "Daily Chronicle." I know also that the dramatic critic of a certain halfpenny evening paper writes occasional articles for the latter journal under his initials, "A. B. W." But I had no idea that "A. B. W." believed himself not only a dramatic critic but a Shakespearean scholar also. It was with some surprise therefore that I saw in my "Chronicle" of the 21st October a reference to your recent series of articles on "The True Shakespeare." The "trick," as Mr. "A. B. W." describes these articles, "had already been done by Mr. Walter Bagehot in a review article so long ago as 1853." I promptly betook me to the British Museum to behold this achievement of a writer known to have had some information about Lombard Street, but hitherto unknown as a Shakespearean critic. To my annoyance I found my afternoon wasted, for in this vaunted article I could discover no trace of any attempt to identify Shakespeare with any of his characters much less with fifteen or twenty of them, as Mr. Frank Harris has done. I found in Mr. Bagehot nothing but the commonplace of literary criticism of his time. It is true that in one place he says, "Anyhow you feel about Shakespeare that he could have been a link boy"; and again, "But a more proper instance of (what has an odd sound) the malevolence of Shakespeare is to be found in the play of 'Measure for Measure';" and again, "We fear he (Shakespeare) had no opinion of traders." This clearly represents the highest level of Mr. Walter Bagehot's achievement in the understanding of Shakespeare's personal character. No one but Mr. Walter Bagehot could have written, "The English Constitution is, to most of us, a thing immutable, and such no doubt it was to Shakespeare." But, Sir, it was not these strange utterances alone that made me angry with Mr. A. B. Walkley for sending me on a vain errand to the British Museum. Mr. Walkley's own critical powers must be a strange growth if he agrees with Mr. Bagehot in his estimate of Shakespeare's "Sonnets." "They," he declares, "are not the kind of verse to take any particular hold upon the mind permanently and for ever, but at a certain period they take too much. As first of April poetry they are perfect." In another place he says: "In spite of the name of its author, the poem (the 'Sonnets') has never been popular and surely this is sufficient." This shows how completely Mr. Bagehot himself failed to appreciate Shakespeare's contemptuous reference in Hamlet to the judgment of "the million." Elsewhere I found a sentiment which I am convinced will find a responsive echo in Mr. Walkley's soul. "In spiritedness," Mr. Bagehot says, "the style of Shakespeare is very like to that of Scott," and in another place he declares that the two were much alike. Most surprising of all, however, is the following dictum by the historian of Lombard Street: "Intense animal spirits are the single sentiment (if they be a sentiment) of the entire character (of Falstaff). We mean that the animal spirits of Falstaff give him an easy vague diffusive sagacity which is peculiar to him." This of the Falstaff who said of his "ragged regiment," "These are the cankers of a calm reign and a long peace." I closed the "National Review," in which Mr. Bagehot's article appeared, firmly convinced that even Mr. Walkley, if he had read it and not merely heard of its title, would not have dared to send any one to look at it.—Yours faithfully, W. U.

[While thanking our correspondent Mr. "W. U." for his interesting letter, we feel compelled to remark that the name of Bagehot is as unknown in literature or literary criticism as that of Mr. A. B. Walkley. Surely the latter gentleman should not sign himself "A. B. W.," but "A. B. C."—Ed. "Saturday Review."]

We regret to have again to hold over Mr. Frank Harris's article on "Shakespeare's Women."

## THE PATRIOTIC FRAUD.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—The charitable public are indebted to you for your systematic exposure of the maladministration of the Patriotic Fund, but I confess that I for one should have enjoyed an even more vigorous and pointed summing up by way of finish to the series of articles. The thing has been discussed in the Press and in Parliament times without end, and the facts are not in dispute. What is wanted is that some one should take the fraud by the throat, and give public opinion a lead as to the way to treat a gigantic public abuse that has done more to freeze charity at its very source, and to make "relief funds" of all sorts a byword, than anything else in our time. Is it because an aged Royal Duke sits at the head of this body, and guides it in its chosen task of intercepting and checking charity, that no one seems to have courage to point the moral?

And that moral, in a word, is simply this: The Patriotic Fund has been captured by a clique of officials, and is being run by them in their own interest, and not in that of the supposed beneficiaries. What is the obvious duty of any competent and honest committee charged with the relief of the widows and orphans left behind by any disaster, such as that of the "Captain" or the "Victoria," to take two instances well in the public memory? Surely it is to calculate their resources, to classify the victims according to their necessities, and then to provide for them by the purchase of annuities, the education and apprenticing of orphans, or the grant of lump sums as circumstances seem to require. This, as Mr. Ralph Hardy told the select committee, is "what they would do in the city." But as the immortal J. B. Robinson has it, "they didn't know everything down in Judee." To have adopted the common-sense, the honest, the business course would, it is true, have provided for the widows and orphans as the generous public intended; but then what would have become of the officials? We should have had no such juicy and nourishing items as "Salaries £1145 2s. 3d.," or "Pensions to officials £725." The poor widows might, it is true, have got more than a starvation 3s. 6d. a week; but what on earth would have happened to the "honorary" secretaries at £600 a year? Why, the whole £18,600 debited to capital account for "establishment charges and pensions" might have gone in the relief of distress, which is preposterous! for do we not all know that when the British public subscribed this money, it meant it to go in providing snug berths for already pensioned officers, and not to be squandered in keeping importunate widows from the workhouse?

Let there be no mistake about this. Your investigator is much puzzled as to why this money should be "husbanded" instead of being applied in accordance with the intentions of its donors. I can tell him. It is being husbanded in order to provide salaries, and offices and pensions for the large and greedy family of Tite Barnacles whose profound conviction it is that public funds and public revenues exist solely for their benefit. And the dear old, sleepy, contented, British public seems quite to enjoy the whole situation.—Yours, &c., F.

## HOOLIGANS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—If it were as imperative for lads to learn trades in board schools as it is for them to learn lessons, we should have less of the above gentry in the future, but the present method seems to be to put them under "lock and key" before allowing them a chance of acquiring the knowledge of a trade. This can scarcely be to the advantage of ratepayers, apart from the pernicious effect on the offenders. S. E. H.

P.S.—I notice that a learned magistrate stated from the Bench a few days since that boys should fight. If this is to be general they should all be taught boxing, otherwise some may be at a disadvantage.

## THE CASE OF PERFORMING ANIMALS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—In a recent number of your weekly (8 October) Mr. F. E. Afalo discusses "The Case of Performing Animals," and comes to the conclusion that "for the



animal psychologist such exhibitions cannot have the slightest value." This view is undoubtedly correct. The methods used by the trainer in teaching his animals tricks for the entertainment of the public, even when not excessively cruel, are not such as to throw any light upon the nature and degree of their intelligence or the possibilities of its development. It is safe to assert that the psychologists, who observe the workings of mind in animals and collect all available materials illustrating this interesting subject, have never derived any noteworthy information from this source. Animals reveal their aptitudes and develop their mental faculties through their association with man both in the household and in a well-conducted zoological garden, but not in the menagerie. This is a point on which, I believe, all animal psychologists agree.

E. P. EVANS.

#### FLOGGING.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Since humanitarianism is commonly regarded (whether rightly or wrongly) as sentimentalism, it may be well to insist that the question whether violent criminals should be flogged is not so much one of humanity *versus* inhumanity as of scientific *versus* unscientific treatment.

The unscientific attitude of mind is well exemplified by the letter signed "S. F." in your issue of 15 October, "S. F." supports flogging on three grounds:—

(1) "That punishment is the greatest deterrent which criminals object to most." This is not only contradicted by all experience, but is at variance with elementary facts of psychology. We all dread toothache, yet extremely few are deterred by the mere prospect of it, however certain, from neglecting precautions against it that involve a little trouble. If this is the case with "ordinary law-abiding citizens," what can we expect in the case of criminals of the violent kind, in whom the trust in "luck" and the inability to restrain immediate impulses out of consideration for remote results are especially prominent?

(2) "The tax-payers' point of view: why are we to pay for the keep of an expensive ruffian when he can be equally well dealt with at the cost of a cat-o'-nine-tails?" &c. I need not point out the delightful simplicity with which the whole question at issue is begged in the words "equally well"; but does "S. F." imagine that violent criminals while at large cost the nation nothing? or does he really believe that flogging, if only it be sufficient in quantity, must inevitably change a "Hooligan" into a law-abiding citizen? If the latter, it is to be hoped he will bring forward some evidence in support of an even more extreme belief in the efficacy of the lash than any previous advocate of it has ventured to assert.

(3) "There is a certain amount of satisfaction, too, to the ordinary law-abiding citizen in making the cowardly ruffian suffer some of the physical pain," &c. Here, at last, we have a genuine reason, and the one which lies at the bottom of the whole outcry for the lash. "Let us flog to afford ourselves the enjoyment of knowing that it is being done." Thanks are due to "S. F." for this candid admission of what other defenders of the lash have so strenuously denied—an admission which fully justifies the charge of sentimentalism against them instead of against the humanitarians. "S. F." is apparently so proud of the revenge instinct that he believes it to be confined to virtuous people, and does not consider that when he says to the Hooligan, "You have knocked out somebody's eye, and therefore I shall have you flogged," the Hooligan may mentally reply afterwards, "I have been flogged, so I shall knock out somebody else's eye as soon as I get a chance."

I would suggest that the sympathy expressed by "S. F." for the Hooligan's victims might be extended to his potential future victims, even at the cost of sacrificing his personal enjoyment of the satisfaction of the retaliating instinct. No doubt that instinct is a strong one in human nature, and as a merely *momentary* feeling I cannot deny my sympathy with it. But it is absolutely antagonistic to the scientific spirit in which the prevention of crime should be studied.—I am, &c.,

A. M. DAVIES.

#### REVIEWS.

##### TRASH BY SHELLEY.

"Original Poetry by Victor and Cazire" (Percy Bysshe Shelley and Elizabeth Shelley). Edited by Richard Garnett. London: Lane.

IN a paradoxical essay, Mr. Leslie Stephen has been lately pleading for perishable books. He would introduce an automatic machinery by which no paper should be used except what was warranted to vanish in, say, a hundred years. This would mean that if a document was not reprinted within a hundred years, it would absolutely cease to be. Every person of sense—except Dr. Garnett, who is prejudiced by the arduous of discovery—will wish that the miserable volume of Shelley's boyish verses which has evaded the world so successfully for nearly ninety years, could have continued to do so to the end; and still more will everybody regret that Mr. Lane's unnecessary reprint was not issued upon vanishing paper. We think that we have never met with a more remarkable instance than this of the habit we have formed of encumbering ourselves with accumulations of the absolutely useless. Here is a little volume of abject verse, published in 1810, and felt, from its first moment of existence, to be so unworthy that it instantly disappeared, yet not allowed, after all, to die a decent death, but raked up again from its grave and distributed broadcast through the country. Could anything be more depressing?

But it is not merely a needless addition to the midden of rubbish by which the world is being choked; it is an injury to the fame of a great writer. Shelley is the representative of whatever is ethereal, transcendent and exquisite. He lives in our imaginations as a fairy being, eminent in splendour and melody. It happens to be a tiresome fact that Shelley, before his temperament asserted itself in a characteristic direction, wrote a vast amount of unmitigated nonsense. He wrote nightmare romances in bad prose, besprinkled with poetry that was even worse. These have not been spared us by his editors. Not only "St. Iroyne," but the inexpressible "Zastrozzi," have been reprinted to gratify idle bibliographers, and to reach the real works of Shelley, in prose or verse, we have now to tread through miles of sand and silliness. Professor Dowden found a great many more pieces of early doggerel, and could not be persuaded to spare us the publication of them. An American enthusiast has extracted the ragged regiment of these, and made a book of them. But one thing has till now been spared us. Nobody could find Victor and Cazire. These ingenious infants had hidden themselves so coily in the bulrushes that no daughter of Pharaoh could discover them. It was generally hoped that they had been carried down the flood of time, and swept out to sea. But, alas! no; here they are, a dingy couple, a fresh disgrace to Shelley, and a new joy to foolish bibliopoles.

The badness of these verses is astounding. There are seventeen pieces in all, and of these three are attributed to Elizabeth Shelley; the rest are no doubt by her brother. There is probably no other instance in literary history of a man writing so badly as this in his nineteenth year, and yet ultimately writing so well. Dr. Garnett speaks of "the crudity of Shelley's early verse," but "crude" does not seem to us the epithet for it. What makes it so unspeakable is the silly sweetness of it, the absence of any imitation of a decent model. When Shelley wrote Victor's pieces in this volume of 1810 he was enslaved to two types of literature, one of which, the horrific ballads of "Monk" Lewis, Dr. Garnett recognises, while the other, which is still more strongly marked, he seems to have overlooked. What Shelley was chiefly imitating was the poetry of the Della Cruscan. He was at the feet of Arley; he smote the harp-strings of Anna Matilda. We fancy that if Dr. Garnett is really so extremely anxious to discover the sources of the inspiration of Victor, he would do well to examine the columns of the "World" newspaper for 1787 and 1788. But what a distressing task it will be!

We have no wish to be unreasonable even to bibliographers, and for Dr. Garnett especially we have a sincere respect. We can comprehend his excitement at

the fulfilment in 1898 of a prophecy which he was astute enough to make in 1859. But we should like to ask him whether all purposes would not have been fulfilled by placing the unique copy, which has just turned up, in a case in the British Museum Library? There it would have lain, a sad little proof that men of genius may sometimes pass through a period of imbecility in their callow youth. But what possible end is served by the reprinting of the wretched stuff for every ignoramus to buy, and make a mockery of Shelley's fame with? Moreover, in Dr. Garnett's preface, we note a phrase which is really sinister,—“When these pieces are incorporated into Shelley's works,” he says. Is it possible that the weird tribe of Shelley-worshippers have already made up their minds to commit this further outrage on his memory? If so, we lose no time in putting in our earnest protest.

This unnecessary reprint adds nothing worth possessing to our knowledge of Shelley's condition, character or mental development. Dr. Garnett's preface is a skilful and ingenious piece of special pleading, to prove that it does; but we read what he says, and we turn to the wretched verses, and we are not convinced. In short, we are sorry to be obliged to say, in the immortal words of Caliban, to any one purposing to spend his money on this elegant blue volume, “Let it alone, thou fool; it is but trash.”

#### SOME HISTORY BOOKS.

“The Empire and the Papacy, 918-1273.” By T. F. Tout. London: Rivingtons.

“England under the Later Hanoverians, 1760-1837.” By A. J. Evans and C. S. Fearenside. London: Clive.

“Kingcraft in Scotland, and Other Essays.” By Peter Ross, LL.D. Paisley: Gardner.

WE are glad to note the appearance of another volume of the useful “General History of Europe,” which Mr. Hassall edits. Professor Tout's “Empire and Papacy” covers the period from 918 to 1273. We fancy that the only gap now remaining in the series is that which may roughly be described as the “Later Middle Ages,” i.e., the time between the election of Rudolf of Hapsburg to the Imperial throne and the commencement of the great Italian wars of the Renaissance.

Professor Tout's volume is all the more welcome that it covers the epoch most neglected by English writers in the whole of European history. Save the short sketch in Mr. Bryce's “Holy Roman Empire” and the later volumes of Palgrave's “England and Normandy,” there is nothing written in English about the great Ottos and their doings, except so far as they were concerned with ecclesiastical matters. Why we do not yet possess an English history of mediæval Germany, either on a small or a large scale, it is hard to tell. French history before the time of Philip Augustus has been almost equally neglected; we have nothing save summaries in schoolbooks to tell us about the earlier Capetians.

Many readers will regret that exigencies of space have forced Professor Tout to concentrate his attention almost entirely on the central tragedy of his period—the struggle of the Emperors with the Papacy. He has no space for many episodes of great intrinsic interest, such as the gradual decline of the Scandinavian Powers, or the conquest of Russia by the Tartars, or the building up of the Portuguese kingdom. Even the Crusades have to be treated more or less as a side issue, and the reader will look in vain for details of the romantic campaigns of the Baldwins and Amanngs of Jerusalem.

The book is, like most of the other volumes of its series, a very solid and valuable piece of work, constructed at first hand from the contemporary chronicles, but at the same time controlled by a knowledge of the recent results of German and French research. Some of the author's judgments will be surprising to those who know the period only from old-fashioned manuals. He holds, for example, that Henry VI. was the most powerful and successful of all the Emperors (p. 310):—

“Never was the empire so strong since the days of Charlemagne. All Italy was directly under his rule.

The Pisan and Genoese fleets conquered Corsica and Sardinia in his name. His troops occupied the patrinus of St. Peter, and his alliance with the Roman Senate kept Celestine III. from doing any harm. Germany was obedient. The king of England had become his vassal, and the heir of the Guelfs was his follower and supporter. The kings of the East sought his friendship and assistance: the Lusignans in Cyprus boasted that they were the vassals of the Latin empire. Three ambitions henceforth possess Henry's soul. He would make the empire hereditary in his house, and unite the German and Sicilian crowns. He would rule Europe from Italy as a centre. He would make himself lord of the East, setting on foot a crusade that should conquer the schismatic Greeks. Wild as his schemes appeared, his extraordinary successes made them not altogether visionary.”

If he had not been cut off at the early age of thirty-two, leaving as his heir a child in the cradle, he might have turned back the whole stream of history, and left the empire triumphant in its long struggle with Papal aggression and German particularism.

Another judgment of Professor Tout's which will rouse some surprise is his respectful treatment of the early Capetian kings. Robert was “no weak uxorious prince, as he has so often been described, but a mighty hunter, a vigorous warrior, and an active statesman.” Henry I. was “brave and active, if not very wise.” The corpulent Philip I. was “a shrewd man, of sharp and biting speech and clear political vision.” Altogether, the dynasty were “not so feeble as they have been described. The French king was still the centre round which the feudal system revolved. He had a store of legal claims and traditions of authority, which he could put into force at any favourable moment. He inherited the traditions of the Carolingians, and, rightly or wrongly, was regarded as their successor.”

If there is any part of Professor Tout's valuable book which we should feel inclined to criticise it is the chapters into which he has compressed the history of the Crusades. The desire to be short has sometimes led him into inaccuracy of statement, though he has probably got the right knowledge in his head. For example, on page 183 the First Crusade is said to have “made all Syria again Christian.” When Aleppo, Hamah and Damascus still hemmed in the Latin states the statement is most misleading. The description of Louis VII.'s march through Asia Minor is very faulty. “The French resolved,” says Professor Tout, “to march round the coast of Asia Minor, through lands still largely subject to the Greek empire. The route lengthened their march, but did not save them from incessant Turkish attacks.” Now, as a matter of fact, Louis VII. was not subject to the smallest molestation from the Turks till he abandoned his route along the coast and struck up the valley of the Mæander into the interior of Caria. All his troubles came upon him when he made a short cut across the south-western corner of the plateau of Asia Minor in order to avoid the difficulties of the Carian and Lycian coast-line. The disasters which so thinned his unfortunate army were all suffered in the mountains of the inland, between Antioch-on-Mæander and Attalia. The cutting up at the Eungundon of the 6000 pilgrims who tried to force their way to Cilicia after the king and the knights had gone by sea to Palestine does not form a real exception to this statement, for the campaign was already completely wrecked before this detachment set out on its hopeless way. On page 193 it is misleading to say that “the Ameer of Damascus was the chief enemy of Nouredin.” The Ameer was a boy of ten; the real enemy was the Ameer's vizier, Muin-ed-din. The map of Syria at the death of Saladin, on page 196, is incorrect, in that it gives far too small a territory to the Christians. Not only was the county of Tripoli much larger, but the kingdom of Jerusalem in 1193 still stretched right down the coast of Palestine, ending not at Acre (as the map shows), but at Joppa. There were half a dozen strong places like Caifa, Athlit, Arsouf, and Joppa itself in Christian hands south of the point where the boundary of the kingdom is made to end.

The other two books which we have to review demand far less attention than Mr. Tout's valuable volume. Messrs. Evans & Fearenside's “Later



Hanoverians," though it calls itself part of "The University Tutorial Series," is really a school-book of a type now not uncommon, where the subject-matter is cut up into topics instead of being treated in chronological order. This has its advantages and disadvantages; something is gained in the way of compact treatment of individual movements. On the other hand, there is an obvious anomaly in finding Pitt's legislation against the English Jacobins in 1793-5 dealt with after Waterloo, while the "Industrial Revolution" is not tackled till after the French Revolution of 1830 has been dismissed. Irish history is made into a sort of appendix along with Indian and Colonial affairs, so that we read of the struggle with the French Republic in 1793-99 on pages 286-7, while the details of the '98 in Ireland are given on page 417; things so intimately associated cannot be taken apart without a loss of perspective. A few facts seem to require revision, e.g., there were no French vessels at the battle of Cape St. Vincent (p. 286); the Austrians were certainly not defeated at the battle of Aspern (p. 303); Graham's victory at Barosa as certainly failed to compel the French to raise the siege of Cadiz (p. 305). By the way, the critic may ask why the Hanoverians are spelt with a single n on the cover and title-page, while they appear with two n's on the page-headings within the volume, e.g., on pages 30-36.

Mr. Peter Ross's "Kingcraft in Scotland" consists of a dozen essays of varying merit, which are valuable in proportion to the smallness of their topics. The tragedy of the "Minister of Spott" is an interesting side-light on the early history of the Kirk under James VI.; there is some little-known matter collected in "Prince Charles Edward in Rome," and the article on "The Patriotic Songs of the American War of the Secession" deals with a subject on which Englishmen have practically no knowledge whatever. On the other hand, when Mr. Ross tries to deal with high matters, such as the growth of the idea of popular liberty in Scotland, he is going beyond his depth. For a passage testifying to the most hopeless want of historical perspective, as well as of detailed knowledge of the chronicles, we commend the following to the critic:—

"That rank cowardice was as much the cause of the disgraceful attitude of the Scottish nobles to Wallace as his own comparatively lowly origin may be safely concluded when we read of their behaviour to Bruce. That patriot was of as high lineage as any of them, yet in 1305 he could only rally to his standard two earls, Lennox and Athole, and fourteen barons. Out of the forfeited estates of the recreant peers Bruce provided for new favourites of fortune, and men of greater simplicity of heart, singleness of purpose and devotion to their king never wore the ermine in Scotland."

That Bruce, hitherto a partisan of England, was a "patriot," that the barons were bound to follow him because he was well born, in spite of his more than doubtful title and his bloody and sacrilegious début at Dumfries, and that the Pretender's first followers were men of "simple heart," are statements that will certainly startle any one who knows much about the early fourteenth century in Scotland.

#### "MYSTERIOUS MR. SABIN," AND OTHER NOVELS.

"MYSTERIOUS Mr. Sabin," by E. Phillips Oppenheim (Ward, Lock), has very distinct merits. The international intrigue which is the ground-work of the plot works in with an excellent effect of contrast to the every-day surroundings of the intriguers—their games of golf, their theatre-goings and dinners at restaurants. There is, once again, the flavour that seems to be required by the *bourgeois* reader; a Royal princess is the heroine. But we are not taken to one of the petty Courts instituted by Mr. Anthony Hope and Mr. Sydney Grier. As we have said, everything happens in every-day London; and however sensational some of the plotting, it is too much to say that it would be impossible in this age and country. At any rate, there is nothing in "Mysterious Mr. Sabin" so far-fetched as to destroy our interest in it as an uncommonly clever novel, the best as yet written by its author.

"Ananias," by the Hon. Mrs. Alan Brodrick (Methuen), is about quite a good many liars of varying

success, so that the title may be applied at the reader's pleasure. There is a rather trite little plot, with unjust wills and forced marriages galore, redeemed by an excellent infant and a guardian-angel woman who gives delicious literary advice. A curmudgeon relative dies, and the infant remarks, "It must be very dreadful for God to be obliged to live with him." The guardian angel tries to encourage the hero in novel-writing. He is to get up at five and write for an hour. "Of course it depends upon the special part you are writing," she concedes, "but if it is conversation and incident, and you write in pencil, you can manage seven hundred words easily; that makes about four thousand a week. In that way you could write a novel, of say sixty thousand words, in four months." It reminds one of Major Pendennis's calculations as to his nephew's literary income. Mrs. Brodrick has either read Anthony Trollope's autobiography, or is drawing on her own experience of the fluency with which one can turn out "conversation and incident," especially if one should "write in pencil."

"Courtship and Chemicals," by Emily Cox (Ward, Lock), gives an excellent picture of Newnham life. Whenever the author leaves Newnham, and proceeds to bring in lovers and love-making, the lifelike element dies out at once; but Cambridge life for girl-students, with its little cliques and sets and practical jokes, is hit off capitally. It is a decidedly promising little book.

"The Loves of the Lady Arabella," by M. E. Seawell (Macmillan), is a spirited romance, all of the olden time. The Lady Arabella is a haughty damsel of extreme comeliness and a coyness that she carries to the verge of savagery. On her abduction by a most devoted swain who asks nothing better than to marry her, she very nearly succeeds in getting him executed according to the law of the time, for the stealing of an heiress. He escapes her, however, and her gentle young sister Daphne takes her place as heroine. It is the brightest tale of the kind that we have read for a long time.

"An Hungarian Nabob." By Maurus Jókai. London: Jarrold.

We don't know what opinion Dr. Jókai may have of his present translator, Mr. R. Nisbet Bain, but ours on one point at least is unmistakable. After assuring us in his preface that "An Hungarian Nabob" has reached the unassailable position of a national classic, he coolly adds that he "has taken the liberty to cut out a good third of the original work," because forsooth he has "always been very strongly of the opinion that the technique of the original tale suffered from an excess of episode." The frankness of this admission is, of course, only equalled by its impertinence, and we should recommend Mr. Bain, if it should again fall to his lot to deal with what he calls a national classic, to leave his own critical predilections out of the question. Certainly Jókai is quite capable of standing without any adventitious aid from a translator; he belongs unmistakably to the line of great romancers of the present century, to the line of Dumas and Sienkiewicz, without, however, being as great as either. He is not, of course, an impeccable artist; this type of writer rarely is. One might unprofitably enough cavil at his constructive redundancy, at, say, his romantic contempt for actuality, at his impressive psychological transformations (as in the case of the Nabob in the present volume), and yet would not all this be a little beside the mark, a little trivial? What one admires in Jókai is his fecundity, his tireless creative power, his vigour, picturesqueness and breadth. He paints on a large canvas with loud colours, and with the joy of one born to the business. He belongs to an earlier generation of writers; the nice qualities of contemporary technique, the enervating restraint, the fastidiousness of alert mediocrity, are scarcely his. Fifty years or so have elapsed since "Egy Magyar Nábob" was written, and its survival, its production, even in its present emasculated form, is perhaps in itself a sufficient criticism of the book.

#### REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES.

"Leo Tolstoy, the Grand Mujik." By G. H. Perris. London: Unwin.

THIS is a most provoking book. Mr. Perris, it is quite clear, has studied his subject so admiringly and so thoroughly, and has at his command such ample material, that he might

have given us an excellent "study in personal evolution" if he had known how to present his facts. But he has spoilt his good matter by his most execrable manner of writing. He is like a full bottle held up with the narrow neck downwards, and can only empty himself with much splutter and gurgling. When, for instance, his subject takes him to the consideration of social conditions in Russia, he must needs pause to ask "How long, Lord?" and to sprinkle his page with notes of exclamation and personal ejaculations. He is continually leaving his subject in that way, while he inflicts little spasmodic asides, expressive of his own temperament, upon the reader. He may congratulate himself upon a distinct accomplishment in that he is able to hold the reader's interest in some degree in his subject, and to enable us to see and understand something of Tolstoy, even under the handicap of such a style.

Ninety-eight Being the Recollections of Cormac Cahir O'Connor Faley (late Colonel in the French service) of that Awful Period." Collected and edited by his grandson Patrick C. Faley, attorney-at-law, Buffalo, N.Y., and illustrated by A. D. McCormick (London: Downey), should in this particular year, when men do not fear to speak of '98, enjoy a measure of success. It conveys a vigorous, realistic and wholly Irish idea of the terrors of Ireland one hundred years ago. "Vive l'Irlande" and "Périsse l'Angleterre" are the notes which ring through its pages, and its purpose is to remind the present of the heroes, the victims, the martyrs and the sacrifices, never to be ungratefully forgotten or superciliously minimised, ridiculed or depreciated, and the fierce red harvest gathered in the splendid and terrible summer of '98. The story is interesting, even to the brutal Saxon whose tyranny was responsible for the insurrection with which it deals.

(For This Week's Books see page 586.)

The Editor cannot undertake to return rejected Communications. He must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

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GENTLEMEN,—Your Directors hereby beg to submit to you their Report for the year ending 30 June, 1898, together with the Balance Sheet and Profit and Loss Account to that date, duly audited.

### FINANCIAL.

Your Directors are pleased to be able to record that the Profit and Loss Account which accompanies this report shows a profit of £83,609 16s. 8d. for the past year, a result which must be considered eminently satisfactory, being an increase of £23,509 7s. 10d. over the amount earned during the preceding twelve months.

Two Dividends of 25 per cent. each, equal to £75,000 have been declared during the year, and the sum of £13,285 7s. has been written off for depreciation from Machinery and Plant, Buildings, &c., after which a Balance of £5,292 5s. 6d. to the credit of Profit and Loss Account is being carried forward to new Account.

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### BALANCE SHEET, 30 June, 1898.

Dr.	LIABILITIES.		
To Capital	£150,000	0	0
" Sundry Creditors (on Account Stores, Wages, &c.)	6,000	0	0
" Unclaimed Dividends (Nos. 1 to 8)	1,259	7	9
" Sundry Shareholders (Dividend No. 9)	37,500	0	0
" Profit and Loss Balance	5,292	5	6
	£200,052	0	10
By Property	ASSETS.	Cr.	
" Machinery and Plant, as at 30 June, 1897	£59,211	18	1
" Expenditure during the current year	1,760	14	1
	60,972	12	2
Less Depreciation, 15 per cent.	9,148	17	6
" Permanent Works, as at 30 June, 1897	12,639	15	8
Less Depreciation, 15 per cent.	1,895	19	3
" Buildings, as at 30 June, 1897	11,832	14	4
" Expenditure during the current year	125	9	8
	11,958	4	0
Less Depreciation, 15 per cent.	1,793	14	6
Carried forward	£148,732	0	7
	£200,052	0	10

Brought forward	£148,732	0	7
By Reservoirs and Dams, as at 30 June, 1897	918	9	0
" Expenditure during the current year	352	19	1
	1,271	8	1
Less Depreciation 15 per cent.	190	14	0
" Live Stock and Carts, as at 30 June, 1897	343	3	8
" Expenditure during the current year	80	0	0
	423	3	8
Less Depreciation 15 per cent.	63	9	3
" Furniture, as at June, 1897	465	8	5
Less Depreciation 15 per cent.	69	16	0
" Tools and Appliances	122	16	6
" Balance written off	122	16	6
" Investment Account (56 Shares in the Rand Mutual Assurance Co.)	280	0	0
" Sundry Debtors	661	17	0
" Stores on Hand	1,259	7	9
" Gold in Transit	15,200	0	0
" Cash in Hand at Mine	661	17	0
At the National Bank, Limited, Current Account	321	11	6
At the National Bank, Limited, Dividend Account	1,259	7	9
At the Bank of Africa, Limited, Fixed Deposit Account	28,500	0	0
At the London Office	250	17	0
	46,193	13	3
	£200,052	0	10

### PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT for the Year ended 30 June, 1898.

Cost per Ton.																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																										</	
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By Gold Accounts—												
39,552	ozs.	4	dwts.	from Mill, valued at	...	...	£150,104	8	7			
11,377	ozs.			from Tailings, valued at	...	...	33,712	6	7			
									£183,816	15	2	
11	Sale of Slags	...	...	...	...	...				604	16	4
11	Sundry Revenue—											
	Interest on Fixed Deposits	...	...	...	...	...	265	17	6			
	Rents	...	...	...	...	...	264	12	0			
	Dividend on 56 Shares held in the Rand Mutual											
	Ass. Coy.	...	...	...	...	...	56	0	0			
										586		
										£185,008	1	0

By Balance from 30 June, 1897	£9,967	13	10
" Profit for year ending 30 June, 1898	83,609	16	8

J. V. BLINKHORN, Secretary.

GEORGE ALBU, } Directors.  
A. BRAKHAN, }

We hereby certify that we have examined the Books and Accounts of the Roodepoort United Main Reef Gold Mining Co., Limited, for the year ending 30 June, 1898, and compared the same with the Vouchers and Bank Book, and that the above Statement is correct and contains the particulars required by the Company's Articles of Association, properly drawn up, so as to exhibit a true and correct statement of the Company's affairs.

JAS. L. JOHNSTON, } Auditors.  
C. L. ANDERSSON, }

Johannesburg, 3 August, 1898.



# The Hospital for Sick Children,

GREAT ORMOND STREET, W.C.

## SPECIAL APPEAL for £30,000

THE Committee have been forced to purchase the adjoining Hospital of St. John and St. Elizabeth for the reasons stated below.

They appeal for immediate help in completing the sum of £10,000.

This sum of £10,000 has been paid as the first instalment of the purchase money, and the Committee have been obliged to borrow £5,000 for this purpose.

### REASONS FOR THE ABOVE APPEAL.

1. Because our neighbours were going to build a new Hospital which would have most gravely affected the light and air of the Hospital for Sick Children.
2. Because it is absolutely necessary to improve the accommodation for our Nurses.
3. Because this purchase will provide 40 Nurses with a bedroom each.
4. Because this extra accommodation will enable the Committee to open a Whooping Cough Ward, with 16 Beds, which is an urgent necessity.
5. Because this purchase has given us a Garden of about half an acre, in which the Children can enjoy that air and sunshine which child life so specially needs when in Hospital.

Cheques and Postal Orders will be gladly received and acknowledged by

ADRIAN HOPE, Secretary.

# HOSPITAL FOR CONSUMPTION AND DISEASES OF THE CHEST, BROMPTON.

PATRON.

Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen.

THE HOSPITAL contains 321 Beds and in 1897 received 1681 In-patients—13,098 Out-patients were also treated.

The yearly requirements of the Hospital cannot be estimated at less than £25,000.

Further, it has been decided, upon the unanimous and urgent advice of the Medical staff, to establish a

## Country Branch and Convalescent Home,

and it is estimated that £20,000 will be needed to inaugurate this new departure.

The Charity, being UNENDOWED, is dependent on Donations, Annual Subscriptions, and Legacies, CONTRIBUTIONS are therefore earnestly solicited in aid of both objects.

Treasurer—W. S. DEACON, Esq.

Bankers.

Messrs. WILLIAMS, DEACON & CO.

MANCHESTER AND SALFORD BANK, Ltd., 20 Birchin Lane.

Secretary—WILLIAM H. THEOBALD.

# FIELD LANE REFUGES, &c.

This old Charity is greatly in

## NEED OF FUNDS.

The Committee earnestly appeal for Assistance.

President.

THE EARL OF ABERDEEN.

Vice-President.

THE MARQUIS OF NORTHAMPTON.

BANKERS.—MESSRS. BARCLAY & CO., LIMITED.

SECRETARY.—PEREGRINE PLATT, The Institution, Vine Street, Clerkenwell Road, E.C.

# INFANT ORPHAN ASYLUM WANSTEAD.

Patron—HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

Bankers—MESSRS. WILLIAMS, DEACON & CO.

THIS INSTITUTION Maintains and Educates the Orphans of persons once in prosperity, from their EARLIEST INFANCY until Fifteen years of age.

It has received 4264 Fatherless Children already. Sixty were admitted last year. Nearly 600 are in the Asylum now.

Elections will be held in May and November this year. Sixty Children will be elected.

Forms of Nomination can be obtained at the Office.

Nearly the whole of the Yearly Income arises from Voluntary Contributions. Assistance is therefore urgently needed, and will be thankfully acknowledged.

Life Subscription	for One Vote	...	...	£5	5	0
"	for Two Votes	...	...	10	10	0
Annual	for One Vote	...	...	0	10	6
"	for Two Votes	...	...	1	1	0

Offices—63 Ludgate Hill, E.C.

HENRY W. GREEN, Secretary.

# Burlington Carriage Company

LIMITED,

Builders to the Royal Family,

315-317 OXFORD STREET,  
LONDON, W.

Patrons:

THE ROYAL FAMILY.

H.S.H. THE KHEDIVE OF EGYPT.  
H.I.H. THE MIKADO OF JAPAN.  
H.S.H. PRINCE IBRAHIM HILMEY.  
H.R.H. PRINCE PRISDANG.  
H.R.H. PRINCE ORSINI.  
H.H. PRINCE CHANDERNAGORE.  
H.H. PRINCE DHULEEP SINGH.  
H.S.H. PRINCE BIRON VON CURLAND.

HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT.  
HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH.  
HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF SUTHERLAND.  
HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE.  
HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF PORTLAND.  
THE MOST HON. THE MARQUIS OF LORNE.  
THE MOST HON. THE MARQUIS OF RIPON.  
&c. &c. &c.

## SPÉCIALITÉ.

### THE COB-SIZE LANDAU.

An exceptionally light and graceful little carriage quite under the control of one small horse in a hilly district. Fitted with every modern improvement, self-folding head, self-folding steps, steel overlapping tyres, &c.

## SPÉCIALITÉ.

### OPEN AND CLOSED BROUGHAM.

This compact little carriage can be opened and closed in a second, and has all the advantages of a Landau at half weight. It is a pretty Brougham and Victoria in one, and remarkably popular.

PURCHASES MAY BE EFFECTED ON OUR THREE YEARS' SYSTEM AT AN  
EXTRA CHARGE OF 5 PER CENT ONLY.

*A very comprehensive display of upwards of 500 Carriages of the Newest and most Fashionable  
Designs to be seen at their Showrooms—*

315-317 OXFORD STREET,  
LONDON, W.

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER.

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